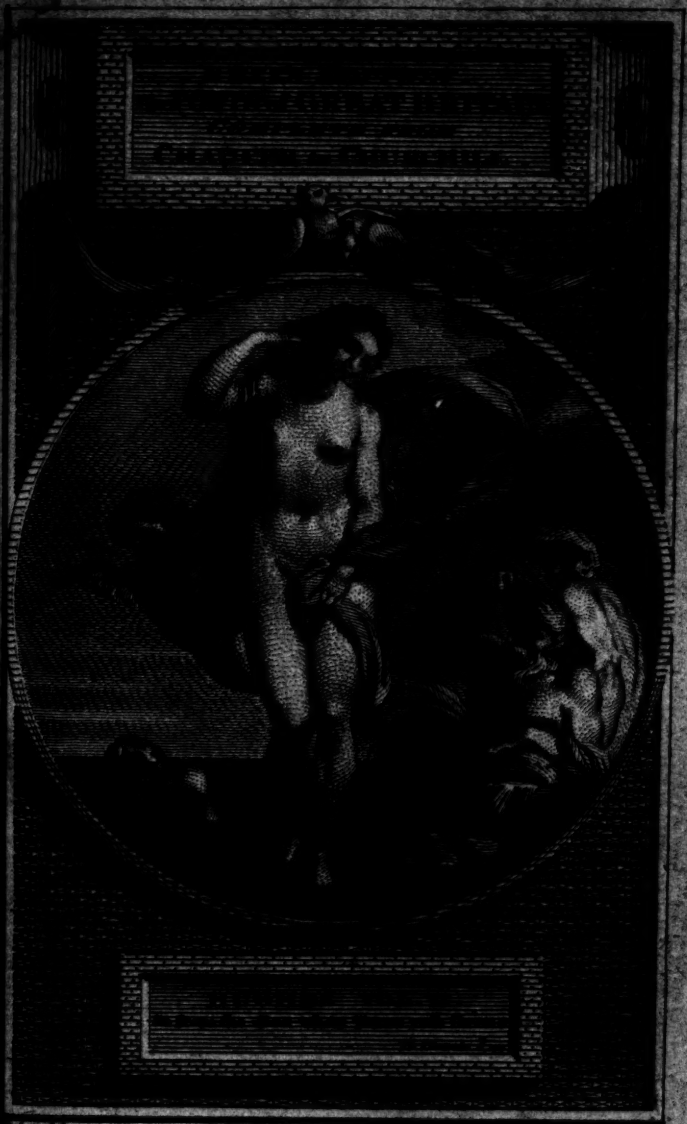

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Round HUGHES's humble tho' diſtinguiſh'd urn
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the ſcene when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd,
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.

MISS COWPER.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

CANTATAS, | ODES,

SONGS, | TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Loſt in thy Works, how oft' I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away!
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm:
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.

J. DUNCE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. II.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

SIX CANTATAS;

OR, POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

Non ante vulgatas per artes,
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis. HOR.

THE PREFACE,

AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.

To the Lovers of Muſic.

MR. Pepuſch having deſired that ſome account ſhould be prefixed to theſe Cantatas relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the public that they are the firſt eſſays of this kind, and were written as an experiment of introducing a ſort of compoſition which had never been naturalized in our language. Thoſe who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue will ſcarce allow muſic to ſpeak any other: but if reaſon may be admitted to have any ſhare in theſe entertainments, nothing is more neceſſary than that the words ſhould be underſtood, without which the end of vocal muſic is loſt. The want of this occaſions a common complaint, and is the chief if not the only reaſon that the beſt works of Scarlati, and other Italians, except

thoſe performed in operas, are generally but little known or regarded here. Beſides, it may be obſerved, without any diſhonour to a language which has been adorned by ſome writers of excellent genius, and was the firſt among the Moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, ſerenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the compoſition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptneſs and facility for notes, the writers for muſic have not always made the beſt uſe of this advantage, or ſeem to have relied on it ſo much as to have regarded little elſe; ſo that Mr. Waller's remark, on another occaſion, may be frequently applied to them;

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong.

Yet ſo great is the force of ſounds, well choſen and ſkilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent ſenſe, and a kind of aſſociated pleaſure ariſes from the words though they are but mean, ſo the impreſſion cannot fail of being in proportion much greater when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expreſſions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the Engliſh language, though inferior in ſmoothneſs, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the moſt elegant ſtyle of muſic in a nation which has given ſuch generous encouragements to it,

if our beſt poets would ſometimes aſſiſt this deſign, and make it their diverſion to improve a ſort of verſe, in regular meaſures, purpoſely fitted for muſic, and which, of all the modern kinds, ſeems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyric.

It cannot but be obſerved on this occaſion, that ſince poetry and muſic are ſo nearly allied, it is a misfortune that thoſe who excel in one are often perfect ſtrangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correſpondence were ſettled between the two ſiſter-arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expreſſions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are ſaid to be ſo neceſſary in poetry, being all borrowed from muſic, ſhew at leaſt if they ſignify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to underſtand more than the metaphorical ſenſe of them: and, on the other hand, a compoſer can never judge where to lay the accent of his muſic, who does not know, or is not made ſenſible, where the words have the greateſt beauty and force.

There is one thing in compoſitions of this ſort which ſeems a little to want explaining, and that is the recitative muſic, which many people hear without pleaſure; the reaſon of which is, perhaps, that they have a miſtaken notion of it. They are accuſtomed to think that all muſic ſhould be air; and being diſappointed of what they expect, they loſe the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to obſerve, therefore, that the recitative ſtyle in compoſition is founded on

that variety of accent which pleaſes in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as poſſible. The different tones of the voice in aſtoniſhment, joy, ſorrow, rage, tenderneſs, in affirmations, apoſtrophes, interrogations, and all the other varieties of ſpeech, make a ſort of natural muſic which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with ſome helps, by the compoſer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air: ſo that it is but a kind of improved elocution, or pronouncing of the words in muſical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his ſkill or ignorance, like the reading of verſe, which is not every one's talent. This ſhort account may poſſibly ſuffice to ſhew how properly the recitative has a place in compoſitions of any length to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepuſch's ſucceſs in theſe compoſitions, I am not at liberty to ſay any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expreſſed the ſenſe of the words. He is deſirous the public ſhould be informed that they are not only the firſt he has attempted in Engliſh, but the firſt of any of his works publiſhed by himſelf; and as he wholly ſubmits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleaſure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the compoſing of muſic in the Engliſh language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATAS.

CANTATA I.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddeſs from the ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the waves ſhe caſt a ſmile
On fair Britannia's happy iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

"Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
"Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
"Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.
"Cyprus, too, ſhall own my ſway,
"And dedicate to me its groves;
"Yet Venus and her train of Loves
"Will with happier Britain ſtay.
"Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
"Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
"Thou my favourite land ſhalt be."

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the pow'r whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
"O welcome! welcome to my ſhore!"

AIR.

" Lovely Iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
" Beauty's palm is thine confeſt.
" Thy daughters all the world outſhine,
" Nor Venus' ſelf is ſo divine.
" Lovely Iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
" Beauty's palm is thine confeſt."

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

See!—from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks, with ev'ry pleaſing art,
To eaſe the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to muſic's pow'r the ſwain addreſs'd his [pray'rs.

AIR.

" Charming ſounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
" Muſic! O compoſe my anguiſh!
" Ev'ry paſſion yields to thee;
" Phœbus! quickly then relieve me;
" Cupid ſhall no more deceive me:
" I 'll to ſprightlier joys be free."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,

How weak t' aſſwage an am'rous pain
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain;
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

AIR.

"Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
"Do not, Shepherd! then deceive thee:
"Muſic is the voice of Love.
"If the tender maid believe thee,
"Soft relenting,
"Kind conſenting,
"Will alone thy pain remove."

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

With Violins.

AIR.

"FRAGRANT Flora! haſte, appear,
"Goddeſs of the youthful year;
"Zephyr gently courts thee now;
"On thy buds of roſes playing,
"All thy breathing ſweets diſplaying,
"Hark! his am'rous breezes blow.
"Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear,
"Goddeſs of the youthful year;
"Zephyr gently courts thee now."

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of ſpring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raiſe,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And liſt'ning birds hung hov'ring on the wing.
In whiſp'ring ſighs ſoft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the ſhepherd did his ſong renew.

AIR.

"Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
"Come, this charming ſeaſon grace;
"Smile, ye Fair! your joys beſtowing,
"Spring and youth will ſoon be going,
"Seize the bleſſings ere they paſs.
"Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
"Come, this charming ſeaſon grace."

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wond'ring ſkies;
From heav'n the god of Muſic came,
And own'd a pleas'd ſurpriſe;
Then in a ſoft melodious lay
Apollo did theſe grateful praiſes pay.

AIR.

"Matchleſs Charmer! thine ſhall be
"The higheſt prize of harmony:
"Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
"And th' applauding world admire thee;
"All ſhall in thy praiſe agree.
"Matchleſs Charmer! thine ſhall be
"The higheſt prize of harmony."

RECITATIVE.

The god then ſummon'd ev'ry Muſe t' appear,
And hail their ſiſter of the quire;
Smiling they ſtood around her ſoothing ſtrains to hear,
And fill'd her happy ſoul with all their fire.

AIR.

"O Harmony! how wondrous ſweet
"Doſt thou our cares allay!
"When all thy moving graces meet,
"How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our eaſy hours away!
"O Harmony! how wondrous ſweet
"Doſt thou our cares allay!"

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

While Corydon, the lonely ſhepherd, try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd.
At laſt he hears, within a myrtle ſhade,
An echo anſwer all his ſtrain:
Love ſtole the pipe of ſleeping Pan, and play'd,
Then with his voice decoys the liſt'ning ſwain.

AIR, *with a flute.*

"Gay Shepherd! to befriend thee,
"Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee;
"O this way ſpeed thy pace!
"If Muſic can delight thee,
"Or viſions fair invite thee,
"This bow'r's the happy place.
"Gay Shepherd! to befriend thee,
"Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee;
"O this way ſpeed thy pace!"

RECITATIVE.

The ſhepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magic ſound;
The god of Love his motion ſpies,
Lays by the pipe, and ſhoots a dart
Thro' Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his ambuſh flies;

While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the shep-
herd's sight.

AIR.

" Who, from love his heart securing,
" Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
" Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
" Beauty softly binds the chain.
" Who, from love his heart securing,
" Can avoid th' enchanting pain?"

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUETTE.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The faireſt tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring ſwain:
He ſadly ſigh'd—ſhe gaily ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

" Leave me, ſilly Shepherd! go;
" You only tell me what I know;
" You view a thouſand charms in me:
" Then ceaſe thy pray'rs, I'll kinder grow
" When I can view ſuch charms in thee.
" Leave me, ſilly Shepherd! go;
" You only tell me what I know;
" You view a thouſand charms in me."

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this diſdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain:
He rav'd, and at the ſcorner ſwore,
And vow'd he 'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

"Shepherd! this I 'ave done to prove thee;
"Now thou art a man I love thee,
"And without a bluſh reſign:
"But ungrateful is the paſſion,
"And deſtroys our inclination,
"When like ſlaves our lovers whine.
"Shepherd! this I 'ave done to prove thee;
"Now thou art a man I love thee,
"And without a bluſh reſign."

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

On ſilver Tyber's vocal ſhore
The fam'd Scarlati ſtrook his lyre,
And ſtrove, with charms unknown before,
The ſprings of tuneful ſound t' explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inſpire;
When, ſee!—the ſweet eſſay to hear,
Venus with her ſon drew near,
And, pleas'd to aſk the maſter's aid,
The mother-goddeſs ſmiling ſaid:

AIR.

"Harmonious ſon of Phœbus! ſee,
"'Tis Love, 't is little Love, I bring:
"The queen of Beauty ſues to thee,
"To teach her wanton boy to ſing."

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd muſician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,
Did all his ſongs and heav'nly ſkill impart:
The boy, to recompenſe his art,
Repeating did each ſong improve,
And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
And taught the maſter thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

" Love, inſpiring
" Sounds perſuading,
" Makes his darts reſiſtleſs fly;
" Beauty, aiding
" Arts aſpiring,
" Gives them wings to riſe more high."

PASTORA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

On fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry plains
The gay Paſtora once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a fountain's cryſtal ſpring
She warbled out her merry ſtrains.

AIR.

" Shepherds! would you hope to pleaſe us,
" You muſt ev'ry humour try;
" Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
" Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
" Shepherds! would you hope to pleaſe us,
" You muſt ev'ry humour try:
" Soft denials
" Are but trials;
" You muſt follow when we fly.

"Shepherds! would you hope to pleaſe us,
"You muſt ev'ry humour try."

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this ſprighty maid,
Yet never durſt his love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his fate.
He ſigh'd—ſhe ſmil'd—he kneel'd and pray'd—
She frown'd—He roſe, and walk'd away;
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo play'd.

AIR, *with an echo of flutes.*

"Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove;
"Damon view'd her
"And purſu'd her;
"Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
"The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to ſee
"That Damon ran as ſwift as ſhe.
"Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove;
"Damon view'd her
"And purſu'd her;
"Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love."

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

"FOOLISH Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
"And all thy little wanton arts,
"To captivate unmanly hearts.

" Shall a woman, proud and coy,
" Make me languiſh for a toy?
" Fooliſh Love! I ſcorn thy darts,
" And all thy little wanton arts,
" To captivate unmanly hearts."

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the pow'r of Love, and ſwore
His freedom he would ſtill maintain,—
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or ſlaviſhly adore;
But when Lamira croſs'd the plain
The ſhepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his ſtrain.

AIR.

" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine,
" And, bluſhing, now my heart reſign.
" Ye Swains! my folly don't deſpiſe,
" But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
" Then tell me if you can be wiſe.
" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine,
" And, bluſhing, now my heart reſign."

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE,

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,

BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

" WHY, too am'rous hero! why
" Doſt thou the war forego,
" At Celia's feet to lie,
" And, ſighing, tell thy woe?
" Can you think that ſneaking air
" Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
" She laughs to ſee thee trifle ſo.
" Why, too am'rous hero! why
" Doſt thou the war forego,
" At Celia's feet to lie,
" And, ſighing, tell thy woe?"

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languiſhing refrain;
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glaſs he ſpies,
And, bluſhing at the ſight, he grew a man again.

AIR, *with a trumpet.*

" Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms:
" I come, I come," the warrior cries,
" And from ſcornful Celia flies,
" To court Victoria's charms.

" Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
" And would regain her lover now;
" Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms;
" I come, I come," the warrior cries,
" And from ſcornful Celia flies,
" To court Victoria's charms."

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon by his folded ſheep
Sat wakeful on the plains;
Love held his weary eyes from ſleep,
While, ſilent in the vale,
The liſt'ning nightingale
Forgot her own to hear his ſtrains.
And now the beauteous queen of Night,
Unclouded and ſerene,
Sheds on the neighb'ring ſea her ſilver light;
The neighb'ring ſea was calm and bright;
The ſhepherd ſung inſpir'd, and bleſs'd the lovely ſcene.

AIR.

" While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
" See! my Flora's charms they wear;

" Secret Night, my joys divining;
" Pleas'd my am'rous tale to hear,
" Smiles, and ſoftly turns her ſphere.
" While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
" See! my Flora's charms they wear."

RECITATIVE.

Ah! fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain;
The lovely ſcene falſe joy inſpires;
For look, thou fond deluded Swain!
A riſing ſtorm invades the main.
The planet of the night,
Inconſtant, from thy ſight
Behind a cloud retires.
Flora is fled; thou lov'ſt in vain:
Ah! fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain.

AIR.

" Hope beguiling,
" Like the moon and ocean ſmiling,
" Does thy eaſy faith betray:
" Flora ranging,
" Like the moon and ocean changing,
" More inconſtant proves than they."

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

" Love frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
" Ah, Nymph! thoſe cruel looks give o'er;
" While Love is frowning Beauty dies,
" And you can charm no more."

RECITATIVE.

Mark how when ſullen clouds appear,
And wint'ry ſtorms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the wing, and thro' the air
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and ſeas to warmer climes repair.
Juſt ſo my heart——But fee——Ah no!
She ſmiles——I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

" Love and the Graces ſmiling,
" In Myra's eyes beguiling,
" Again their charms recover.
" Would you ſecure our duty,
" Let kindneſs aid your beauty,
" Ye Fair! to ſooth the lover."

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

"Love! I defy thee;
"Venus! I fly thee;
"I 'm of chaſte Diana's train.
"Away, thou winged Boy!
"Thou bear'ſt thy darts in vain;
"I hate the languid joy,
"I mock the trifling pain.
"Love! I defy thee;
"Venus! I fly thee;
"I 'm of chaſte Diana's train."

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her ſon ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful fair
Thus boaſt her wretched liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the raptures ſhare
Which their happier captives know;
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

"Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate;
"Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
"For joys which now you ſay you hate.

" When your decaying eyes
" Can dart their fires no more,
" The wrinkles of threescore
" Shall make you vainly wise.
" Proud and foolish! hear your fate;
" Waste your youth, and sigh too late
" For joys which now you say you hate."

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,

BY SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

" Ye tender Pow'rs! how shall I move
" A careless maid that laughs at love?
" Cupid! to my succour fly;
" Come with all thy thrilling darts,
" Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
" Conquer for me or I die.
" Ye tender Pow'rs! how shall I move
" A careless maid that laughs at love?
" Cupid! to my succour fly."

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
A pensive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm desire:
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

" Take her humour, ſmile, be gay;
" In her fav'rite follies join,
" That 's the charm will make her thine.
" Caſt thy ſerious airs away;
" Freely courting,
" Toying, ſporting,
" Sooth her hours with am'rous play.
" Take her humour, ſmile, be gay;
" In her fav'rite follies join,
" That 's the charm will make her thine."

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now reſign;
Behold on earth a conqu'ring fair
Who more deſerves Love's crown to wear:
Not thy own ſtar ſo bright in heav'n does ſhine.
Aſk of thy ſon her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or aſk the god of tuneful ſound,
Who ſings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inſpire
With his own art, to give a ſurer wound.

AIR.

"Hark! the grove her ſongs repeat;
"Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
"And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
"Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet.
"Could Narciſſus ſee or hear her,
"From his fountain he would fly,
"And, with awe approaching near her,
"For a real beauty die.
"Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
"Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
"And tranſported while ſhe ſings,
"Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet."

RECITATIVE.

Yet, Venus! once again my ſuit attend;
And when from heav'n you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot and your murm'ring doves,
Tell her ſhe wants one charm to make the reſt more gay;
Then, ſmiling, to th' harmonious beauty ſay;

AIR.

"To a lovely face and air
"Let a tender heart be join'd:
"Love can make you doubly fair;
"Muſic 's ſweeter when your're kind.
"To a lovely face and air
"Let a tender heart be join'd."

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding ſhore of Peneus flew
To ſhun Love's tender offer'd joy,
Tho' it was a god that did her charms purſue;
While thus Apollo, in a moving ſtrain,
Awak'd his lyre, and ſoftly breath'd his am'rous pain.

AIR.

"Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear;
"Cannot love with muſic join'd
"Touch thy unrelenting mind?
"Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear;
"Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear;
"Cannot love with muſic join'd
"Touch thy unrelenting mind!"

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleaſure did prolong
The ſweetly warbled ſounds, and murmur'd with the ſong.
Daphne fled ſwifter, in deſpair,
To 'ſcape the god's embrace,
And to the genius of the place
She ſigh'd this wondrous pray'r:

AIR.

" Father Peneus! hear me, aid me;
" Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
" Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
" Ceaſe, Apollo! to perſuade me;
" I am Daphne now no more.
" Father Peneus! hear me, aid me;
" Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
" Fix me rooted on thy ſhore."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo, wond'ring, ſtood to ſee
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His paſſion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples ſhine
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

" Nature alone can love inſpire;
" Art is vain to move deſire.
" If Nature once the fair incline,
" To their own paſſion they reſign.
" Nature alone can love inſpire;
" Art is vain to move deſire."

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I 'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise:
But, cruel Goddess! when I find
Diana's coldness in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd disdain?
My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

"Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
"Will you touch the charmer's heart?
"Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
"Or remove from mine the dart.
"Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
"Will you touch the charmer's heart?"

RECITATIVE.

But, see! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as she would let me live;
And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That while she love denies she yet forbids despair.

AIR.

"Fear not, doubting Fair! t' approve me;
"Can you love me?

AIR.

" Father Peneus! hear me, aid me;
" Let some sudden change invade me;
" Fix me rooted on thy shore.
" Cease, Apollo! to persuade me;
" I am Daphne now no more.
" Father Peneus! hear me, aid me;
" Let some sudden change invade me;
" Fix me rooted on thy shore."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo, wond'ring, stood to see
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His passion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples shine
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

" Nature alone can love inspire;
" Art is vain to move desire.
" If Nature once the fair incline,
" To their own passion they resign.
" Nature alone can love inspire;
" Art is vain to move desire."

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I 'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise:
But, cruel Goddess! when I find
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But, see! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as she would let me live:
And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That while she love denies she yet forbids despair.

AIR.

"Fear not, doubting Fair! t'approve me:
"Can you love me?

" Frown not if you anſwer no;
" If you anſwer, frown not, no.
" When again I aſk, purſuing,
" If you 'll ſtay and ſee my ruin?
" Fly—but let me with you go.
" Bluſh not, doubting Fair! t' approve me;
" Can you love me?
" Smile, and ev'ry fear forego."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus ſtands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal, queen of Love?
She beats her breaſt, ſhe wrings her hands;
And, hark! ſhe mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous lov'd Adonis ſlain.
The hills and woods her loſs deplore;
The Naiads hear and flock around,
And Echo ſighs with mimic ſound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the goddeſs raves, and tears her hair,
Then vents her grief, her love, and her deſpair.

AIR.

"Dear Adonis! beauty's treasure,
"Now my sorrow, once my pleasure,
"O return to Venus' arms!
"Venus never will forsake thee;
"Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
"And revive thy drooping charms."

RECITATIVE.

Thus, queen of Beauty, as thy poets feign,
While thou didst call the lovely swain,
Transform'd by heav'nly pow'r
The lovely swain arose a flow'r,
And, smiling, grac'd the plain;
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proserpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the shades,

AIR.

"Transporting joy,
"Tormenting fears,
"Reviving smiles,
"Succeeding tears,
"Are Cupid's various train.
"The tyrant boy
"Prepares his darts
"With soothing wiles,
"With cruel arts,
"And pleasure blends with pain."

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

"WAKE, th' harmonious voice and ſtring,
"Love and Hymen's triumph ſing.
"Sounds with ſecret charms combining,
"In melodious union joining,
"Beſt the wondrous joys can tell
"That in hearts united dwell."

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame
Well may the Arts a trophy raiſe,
Muſic grows ſweeter in her praiſe,
And, own'd by her, with rapture ſpeaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander's heart
The Graces all in her conſpire;
Love arms her with his ſureſt dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

"The liſt'ning Muſes, all around her,
"Think 't is Phœbus' ſtrain they hear;
"And Cupid drawing near to wound her
"Drops his bow, and ſtands to hear."

RECITATIVE. SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with deſpair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair,
Behold the happy conqueſt of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, thro' diſtant realms renown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria! ſee,
He comes, with Britiſh honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager ſteps to thee.

AIR.

"In tender ſighs he ſilence breaks,
"The fair his flame approves:
"Conſenting bluſhes warm her cheeks;
"She ſmiles—ſhe yields—ſhe loves."

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar ſtands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal Concord, heav'nly bright,
Array'd in robes of pureſt light,
Deſcends, th' auſpicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddeſs brings;
Its magic ſound
Commands a ſudden ſilence all around,
And ſtrains prophetic thus attune the ſtrings.

DUETTO.

"The ſwain his nymph poſſeſſing, } 1 VOICE.
"The nymph her ſwain careſſing, } 2 VOICE.

" Shall ſtill improve the bleſſing, } 1 and 2.
" For ever kind and true.
" While rolling years are flying, 45 } BOTH.
" Love, Hymen's lamp ſupplying,
" With fuel never dying,
" Shall ſtill the flame renew." 48

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conquests brought
The god of Love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

II.

He dropp'd half-drawn his feeble bow;
He look'd, he rav'd, and, sighing, pin'd,
And wish'd, in vain, he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

III.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
"Help, Venus! help thy wretched son;
"Who now will pay us sacrifice?
"For Love himself 's, alas! undone.

IV.

"To Cupid now no lover's pray'r
"Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
"My darts are gone, but, oh! beware,
"Fond Mortals! of Dorinda's eyes."

SONG II.

Written for the late

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY, 1699.

I.

WHILE Venus in her ſnowy arms
The god of Battles held,
And ſooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field,
By chance ſhe caſt a lovely ſmile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd, in Britain's happy iſle,
Great Glou'ſter's glorious birth.

II.

"Look, Mars," ſhe ſaid; "look down, and ſee
"A child of royal race!
"Let 's crown the bright nativity
"With ev'ry princely grace.
"Thy heav'nly image let him bear,
"And ſhine a Mars below:
"Form you his mind to warlike care,
"I 'll ſofter gifts beſtow."

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
Their bleſſings did impart,
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
Betimes his beauty charms
The fair, who burn with equal flame
For him as he for arms.

SONG III.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

In young Aſtræa's ſparkling eye
Reſiſtleſs Love has fix'd his throne;
A thouſand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty ſpeeds her flight
To diſtant groves from whence ſhe came,
So lightning vaniſhes from ſight,
But leaves the foreſt in a flame.

SONG IV.

WOULD you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her;
Suff'ring is the lover's part.
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

SONG V.

THY origin 's divine, I ſee,
Of mortal race thou canſt not be;
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows,
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar.
Thy ſordid way of life deſpiſe;
Above thy ſlav'ry, Sylvia! riſe;
Diſplay thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddeſs or a queen.

SONG VI.

CONSTANTIA! see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave.
Ah! gentle Nymph! no longer try
From fond pursuing Love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart;
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

SONG VII.

THRICE lov'd Conſtantia! heav'nly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Tho' bleſs'd with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee both wealth and birth I ſcorn.
Truſt me, fair Maid! my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame:
My love, that ne'er will ceaſe; my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

ODES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

.....Cœlo demittitur alto
Chara Deum Soboles..... VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE
CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

May it please your Grace,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the King has been so happily supplied by her Majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy; yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men, and your Grace has given sufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never, therefore, be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late Majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your Grace's notice. How

I have performed is humbly ſubmitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all thoſe gentlemen who are uſed to entertain themſelves with writings of this ſort. But if, through the Author's want of genius, the poem itſelf ſhould be thought inconſiderable, I am ſure it will have ſome diſtinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inſcribed to. And to whom ſhould the praiſes of eminent virtue be addreſſed but to ſuch as are poſſeſſed of great virtues themſelves? To whom can I better preſent the chief characters of a noble and ancient family than to your Grace, whoſe family is ſo ancient and ſo noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that ſome of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illuſtrious anceſtors. This, I confeſs, has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy perſons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a ſubject ſo well known as your Grace's merits: therefore I conclude with my humble requeſt, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more paſſionately or ſincerely ſo than

Your Grace's moſt humble
and moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

Goddess of numbers, and of thoughts sublime,
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
And all the gilded images can stay,
Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
O now assist with consecrated strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living monument of praise
O'er William's great remains,
While Thames, majestically sad and slow,
Seems by that rev'rend dome to flow,
Which, new-inter'd, his sacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muse! wouldst e'er immortal be,
This song bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praise can ne'er expire,
Tho' Nature's self at last must die,
And all this fair-erected sky
Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace
That, from afar-descending, flow'd
Thro' the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd.

This ancient ſource of noble blood
Thro' thee, Germania! wand'ring wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In num'rous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, ſcarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
Tho' mantling vines his comely head ſurround,
And all along his ſunny ſhore
Eternal plenty 's found.

III.

From Heav'n itſelf th' illuſtrious line began;
Ten ages in deſcent it ran,
In each deſcent increas'd with honours new:
Never did heav'n's Supreme inſpire
In mortal breaſts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image livelier drew.
Of pure ethereal flame their ſouls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the maſter-work, and ſaid,
"Go forth, my honour'd Champions! go,
"To vindicate my cauſe below:
"Awful in pow'r, defend for me
"Religion, juſtice, liberty,
"And at aſpiring Tyranny
"My delegated thunder throw.
"For this the great Naſſovian name I raiſe;
"And ſtill this character divine,
"Diſtinguiſh'd thro' the race, ſhall ſhine,
"Zeal for their country's good, and thirſt of virtuous praiſe."

IV.

Now look, Britannia! look, and see,
Thro' the clear glass of History,
From whom thy mighty sov'reign came,
And take a large review of far-extended fame.
See crowds of heroes rise to fight!
Adolphus *, with imperial splendour gay;
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German Eagle to his prey;
Thro' Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unresisted might.
His gallant nephew † next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conquest wears,
Tho' streaming wounds the martial figure stain;
For thee, great Charles‖! in battle slain;
Slain in all a soldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy side,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
The founder of the Belgic state!
The sun of glory which, so bright,
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled shine;

* Adolphus, the emperor, of the house of Nassau.
† Rene of Nassau. ‖ Charles V.

His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
Charles, who had try'd the race before;
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his rising virtue saw,
He put in friendship's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there, by early honours, fought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous sympathy! that binds
In chains unseen the bravest minds;
O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same!

VI.

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day
When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away.
Philip, his haughty son, afraid
Of William's virtues, basely chose
His father's favourite to depose;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid,
And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance, rose,
With flames of Inquisition rose from hell,
Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood,
And thy brave sons in crowds unnumber'd fell!

The ſun, with horror of the ſight,
Withdraws his ſickly beams, and ſhrouds
His muffled face in ſullen clouds,
And on the ſcaffolds faintly ſheds a pale malignant light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her gen'rous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries:
He hears, and, marching from afar *,
Brings to her aid the ſprightly war.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh ſupplies
Of gather'd ſtrength, ſhe on her murd'rers flies.
But Heav'n, at firſt reſolv'd to try,
By proofs adverſe, his conſtancy.
Four armies loſt, two gallant brothers ſlain †,
Will he the deſp'rate war maintain?
Tho' rolling tempeſts darken all the ſky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithleſs ſea explore,
And, oft driven back, ſtill quit the ſhore?
He will—His ſoul, averſe to dread,
Unweary'd, ſtill the ſpite of Fortune braves,
Superior, and ſerene, amidſt the ſtormy waves ‖.

* He was then in Germany.
† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.
‖ "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vaſt his mind!
The ſteady inſtrument of Fate,
To fix the baſis of a riſing ſtate.
My Muſe with horror views the ſcene behind,
And fain would draw a ſhade, and fain
Would hide his deſtin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thouſands on the plain,
By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell
No more—th' ungrateful proſpect let us leave;
And in his room, behold arife
Bright as th' immortal Twins that grace the ſkies,
A noble pair *, his abſence to relieve:
In theſe the hero's ſoul ſurvives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice for martial greatneſs far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds:
Both were, like Scipio's ſons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er than Maurice better knew
Camps, ſieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er than Henry fiercer did purſue
The flying foe, or earlier conqueſts gain:
For ſcarce ſixteen revolving years he told
When, eager for the fight, and bold,

* Maurice and Henry.

Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field,
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

XI.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchless valour did display!
How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
With emulous honour and with mutual love;
How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove:
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
O gen'rous strife! and worthy such a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witness the floods of streaming gore,
Witness the trampled heaps that choak'd the plain,
And stopp'd the victors in their way;
Witness the neighb'ring sea and sandy shore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thousand slain!

XII.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands,
And waves her painted wings, inconstant, proud,
Hook-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,

Reſtleſs of place, and ſtill prepar'd for flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to fight;
Won by their merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy brothers with a long ſucceſs—
Maurice the firſt reſign'd to fate;
The youngeſt had a longer date,
And liv'd the ſpace appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd ſo high before:
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately fabric bore
Its lofty top aſpiring to the ſky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempeſtuous roar;
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſpers'd and murm'ring at its feet.
Inſulting Spain the fruitleſs ſtrife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heav'n eternal ſprings,
And o'er his quiet grave Peace ſpreads her downy [wings.

XII.

His ſon, a ſecond William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with ſo ſwift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly ſnatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining armour dreſs'd,
Where with his father the hot ſiege he preſs'd:

His father saw, with pleasing joy, [press'd.
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms ex-
But when his country breath'd from war's alarms
His martial virtues lay obscure,
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms,
Th' inglorious rest endure;
But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial love
Which from that happy marriage was to spring,
But with his great forefathers gain'd a blissful seat above.

XIII.

Here pause, my Muse! and wind up higher
The strings of thy Pindaric lyre;
Then with bold strains the lofty song pursue,
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line:
See, like immortals, how they shine!
Each life a history alone!
And last, to crown the great design,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but spare thy trembling tears
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celestial Form! let Britain see
Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee.

XIV.

So when ſome ſplendid triumph was to come
In long proceſſion thro' the ſtreets of Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
The glitt'ring train in awful order move
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove,
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes:
But when the laurell'd emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to ſight,
In his proud car of victory
Shining with rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight,
Their wonder could no higher riſe;
With joy they throng his chariot-wheels, and rend
with ſhouts the ſkies.

XV.

To thee, great Prince! to thy extenſive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
The Fates an ample ſcene afford,
And injur'd nations claim the ſuccour of thy ſword.
No reſpite to thy toils is given
Till thou aſcend thy native heaven:
One Hydra-head cut off, ſtill more abound,
And twins ſprout up to fill the wound;
So endleſs is the taſk that heroes find
To tame the monſter Vice, and to reform mankind.
For this Alcides, heretofore,
And mighty Theſeus, travell'd o'er

Vaſt tracts of ſea and land, and ſlew
Wild beaſts and ſerpents gorg'd with human prey;
From ſtony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the cheerful traveller paſs on his peaceful way.
Yet tho' the toilſome work they long purſue,
To rid the world's wild pathleſs field,
Still poiſonous weeds and thorns in cluſters grew,
And large unwholeſome crops did yield,
To exerciſe their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didſt begin,
And ev'n a child didſt laurels win:
Two ſnaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove;
In ſpeckled wreaths of death they ſtrove
The mighty babe to bind,
And twiſted Faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forky tongue at thee:
But as Jove's offspring ſlew his hiſſing foes,
So thou, deſcended from a line
Of patriots no leſs divine,
Didſt quench the brutal rage of thoſe
Who durſt thy dawning worth oppoſe.
The viper Spite, cruſh'd by thy virtue, ſhed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the ſun, did thy great genius riſe,
With clouds around his ſacred head,
Yet ſoon diſpell'd the dropping miſts, and gilded all the ſkies.

XVII.

Great Julius who, with gen'rous envy, view'd
The ſtatue of brave Philip's braver ſon,
And wept to think what ſuch a youth ſubdu'd,
While, more in age, himſelf had yet ſo little done,
Had wept much more if he had liv'd to ſee
The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
To ſee thee, at a beardleſs age,
Stand arm'd againſt the invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels fought,
And not to ſave his country fought;
While he—O ſtain upon the greateſt name
That e'er before was known to Fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The ſword from his unruly hand,
The ſword ſhe gave before;
Enrag'd, he ſpurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breaſt the impious ſteel, and bath'd it in her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou haſt won,
Thy ſtandard ſtill the public good,
Laviſh of thine to ſave thy people's blood;
And when the hardy talk of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious ſon)
Thy pow'rful arms were reign'd!

This vict'ry o'er thyself was more
Than all thy conquests gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's son could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
Tow'rs of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway!
Insatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barb'rous man! to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
Heav'n's works, and laid the fair creation waste!
Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
As to the sea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now
That once he saw his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their silent ruins found,
But, in th' ensuing age,
Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroying rage.
All Europe, too, had shar'd this wretched fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withstood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held.

Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee,
Whose faithful soul, from private rests free,
(Rest which vulgar princes know)
O'er all its passions sat enthron'd high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a pure sky,
And sees the moving clouds in distance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
Great Edward and his glorious son
Will own themselves in thee outdone,
Tho' Crecy's desp'rate fight eternal honours won:
Tho' the fifth Henry too does claim
A shining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name,
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
Of thee more num'rous triumphs sings.
But tho' no chief contends with thee
In all the long records of History,
Thy own great deeds together strive
Which shall the fairest light derive
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Senefe's amazing field
To celebrated Mons shall yield,
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne,
Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest out-

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

XIII.

While in Hibernia's fields the laboring swain
Shall pass the plough o'er skulls of warriors slain,
And turn up bones and broken spears,
Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain
The relicks of victorious years,
And tell how swift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy story:
How oft' the foes thy lifted sword have seen
In the hot battle, when it bled,
At all its open veins, and oft' have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadst been:
How, when the blooming spring began t' appear,
And with new life restor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry,
"Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet sound,
"And spread the joyful summons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flow'r of Greece, to battle led
In beauty's cause, just vengeance swore
Upon the foul adult'rer's head,
That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore;
The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the son of Thetis wait;
At last the son of Thetis came;
Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' im-
pending fate.

XXII.

O sacred Peace! goddess serene!
Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,
Fairer than silver floods of light,
How short has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born rage,
At first we saw thee gently smile
On the young birth, and thy sweet voice a while
Sung a soft charm to martial rage:
But soon the lion wak'd again,
And stretch'd his op'ning claws, and shook his grisly mane.
Soon was the year of triumphs past,
And Janus, ushering in a new,
With backward look did pompous scenes review;
But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;
He saw the gathering storms of war,
And bid his priests aloud his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But Heav'n its hero can no longer spare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below,
Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care
Those bolts of vengeance to prepare
Which other hands shall throw:
That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd foe;

She shall supply the thunderer's place *,
As Pallas from th' ethereal plains
Warr'd on the giant's impious race,
And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoaky ruins.
Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign,
And William's Genius, with a grateful smile,
Look down and bless this happy Isle;
And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown again.

AN ODE

IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muses! that frequent these walks and shades,
The seat of calm repose,
Which Howard's happy genius chose;
Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
And oft', like Philomel, in dusky glades
Sweet amœbæan voluntaries sung;
O say, ye kind inspiring Pow'rs,
With what melodious strains
Will you indulge my pensive veins,
And charm my solitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat,
While screen'd from August's fev'rish heat,

* "Vicem gerit illa tonantis." The motto on her Majesty's coronation medals.

Beneath this ſpreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harveſt far around,
The neighb'ring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded ſky,
The wood, the park's romantic ſcene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft turf's perpetual green
Paſs all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That ſport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleaſure to complete;
Begin—and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inſpiring pow'rs
Anſwer from their ſecret bow'rs,
Propitious to my call:
They join their choral voices all
To charm my ſolitary hours.
"Liſten," they cry, "thou penſive Swain!
"Tho' much the tuneful Siſters love
"The fields, the park, the ſhady grove;
"The fields, and park, and ſhady grove,
"The tuneful Siſters now diſdain,
"And chuſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter ſtrain:
"Molinda's praiſes ſhall our ſkill employ,
"Molinda! Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muſe's joy!
"The Muſes triumph'd at her birth.
"When, firſt deſcending from her parent ſkies,

" This ſtar of beauty ſhot to earth,
" Love ſaw the fires that darted from her eyes;
" He ſaw, and ſmil'd—The winged boy,
" Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
" And to his mother liſp'd her name,
" Molinda!—Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muſe's joy."

IV.

Say, beauteous Aſted! has thy honour'd ſhade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye Nymphs and Sylvan deities! confeſs
That ſhining feſtal day of happineſs;
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himſelf, tho' in ſo fair a dreſs
He clothe the meads, tho' his delicious ſhow'rs
Awake the bloſſoms and the breathing flow'rs,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himſelf, or brighter May,
Aſſiſted by the god of Day,
Never made your grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural ſeat ſhe now doth grace,
And ſhines a goddeſs of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place;
With her he keeps his court, and where ſhe lives he
A thouſand bright attendants more [reigns.
Her glorious equipage compoſe;

There circling Pleaſure ever flows;
Friendſhip and Arts, a well-ſelected ſtore,
Good-humour, Wit, and Muſic's ſoft delight,
The ſhorten'd minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling Mirth, that never looks ſo bright
As when it lightens in Molinda's ſmile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian Pow'rs! (if ſuch there are
Deputed from the ſky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care)
Thither, ye gentle Spirits! fly:
If goodneſs like your own can move
Your conſtant zeal, your fond'reſt love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd fair;
Shield her from ev'ry ruder breath of air,
Nor let invading ſickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe beauties in their bloom.
May no miſguided choice, no hapleſs doom,
Diſturb the heav'n of her fair life
With clouds of grief or ſhow'rs of melting tears:
Let harſh unkindneſs and ungen'rous ſtrife,
Repining diſcontent and boding fears,
With ev'ry ſhape of woe, be driven away
Like ghoſts prohibited the day:
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings diſplay,
And ſmiling joys crown all her bliſsful years!

ODE.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

Apollo! god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire,
Whilſt we thy Damon's praiſe rehearſe;
Damon himſelf could animate the lyre.
Apollo! god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire,
Look down, and warm the ſong with thy celeſtial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely Youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, ſo ſweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So ſoft thy air, thy viſage ſo ſerene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient ſtrings command,
And join in conſort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n Fate itſelf, ſuch wondrous ſtrains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd had Fate an ear.
But what does muſic's ſkill avail?
When Orpheus did his loſs deplore
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Huſh'd were the winds, wild beaſts forgot to roar,
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

Then ceaſe, ye ſons of Harmony! to mourn,
Since Damon never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way!
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new gueſt's arrival ſtay,
And hymns of triumph ſing:
They bear him to the happy ſeats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love,
Where artful Purcell went before.
Ceaſe then, ye ſons of Muſic! ceaſe to mourn,
Your Damon never will return,
No; never more.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr! come away;
On this ſweet, this ſilent grove,
Sacred to the Muſe and Love,
In gentle whiſper'd murmurs play.
Come, let thy ſoft, thy balmy, breeze,
Diffuſe thy vernal ſweets around
From ſprouting flow'rs and bloſſom'd trees,
While hills and echoing vales reſound
With notes which wing'd muſicians ſing
In honour to the bloom of Spring.

II.

Lovely ſeaſon of deſire!
Nature ſmiles with joy to ſee
The am'rous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brighteſt object in the ſkies,
The faireſt lights that ſhine below,
The ſun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

AN ODE
IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.
PERFORMED AT STATIONERS' HALL, 1703.

Deſcende Cœlo, et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos:
Seu voce nunc mavis accuta,
Seu fidibus, cytharæve Phœbi. HOR.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

Awake, celeſtial Harmony!
Awake, celeſtial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal ſphere around,
Goddeſs of melodious ſound:

Let the trumpet's ſhrill voice,
And the drum's thund'ring noiſe,
Rouze ev'ry dull mortal from ſorrows profound.
See, ſee!
The mighty pow'r of Harmony!
Behold how ſoon its charms can chaſe
Grief and gloom from ev'ry face!
How ſwift its raptures fly,
And thrill thro' ev'ry ſoul, and brighten ev'ry eye!

II.

Proceed, ſweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed, and thro' the mellow flute,
The moving lyre.
And ſolitary lute,
Melting airs, ſoft joys, inſpire;
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the am'rous fire.

CHORUS.

" Melting airs, ſoft joys, inſpire;
" Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
" Melting as a lover's prayer;
" Joys to flatter dull Deſpair,
" And ſoftly ſooth the am'rous fire."

III.

Now let the ſprightly violin
A louder ſtrain begin;

And now
Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high and ſink it low.
Hark! how the treble and the baſs
In wanton fugues each other chaſe,
And ſwift diviſions run their airy race!
Thro' all the travers'd ſcale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony;
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

"In winding labyrinths of harmony,
"Thro' all the travers'd ſcale they fly;
"By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and die."

IV.

Ye ſons of Art! once more renew your ſtrains;
In loftier verſe and loftier lays
Your voices raiſe
To Muſic's praiſe;
A nobler ſong remains.
Sing how the great Creator God
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world, and round the dark abyſs
Turn'd the golden compaſſes;
The compaſſes in Fate's high storehouſe found.
"Thus far extend," he ſaid, "be this,
"O World! thy meaſur'd bound."

Milton.

Mean-while a thousand harps were play'd on high,
"Be this thy measur'd bound"
Was echo'd all around.
And now, "Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!"
A thousand voices made reply,
"Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky!"

V.

What can Music's pow'r control?
When Nature's sleeping soul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,
It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's secret chains unbound;
And earth arose, and seas, and sky.
Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
With shining luminaries hung;
A vast creation stood display'd,
By Heav'n's inspiring Music made.

CHORUS.

"O wondrous force of Harmony!"

VI.

Divinest Art! whose fame shall never cease,
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
When Heav'n vouchsaf'd to treat with earth,
Music was herald of the peace:
Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell:
Immortal mercy! boundless love!
A God descending from above
To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate
When Muſic muſt again its charms employ;
The trumpet's ſound
Shall call the num'rous nations under ground;
The num'rous nations ſtraight
Appear, and ſome with grief and ſome with joy
Their final ſentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

" Then other arts ſhall paſs away;
" Proud Architecture ſhall in ruins lie,
" And Painting fade and die.
" Nay earth, and heav'n itſelf, in waſteful fire decay.
" Muſic alone, and poeſy,
" Triumphant o'er the flame, ſhall ſee
" The world's laſt blaze.
" The tuneful Siſters ſhall embrace,
" And praiſe and ſing, and ſing and praiſe,
" In never-ceaſing choirs to all eternity."

AN ODE
FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

To the memory of the most Noble

WILLIAM D. OF DEVONSHIRE.

OBIIT ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[*Overture of soft Music.*]

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

YE gen'rous Arts and Muses! join,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows flow,
Let murm'ring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of woe.
And thou, Augusta! rise and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR, *with flutes.*

" Queen of Cities! leave a while
" Thy beauteous smile;
" Turn to tender grief thy joy.
" From thy shore of Thames replying,
" Gentlest echoes fainting, dying,
" Shall their sorrow too employ.
" Queen of Cities! leave a while
" Thy beauteous smile;
" Turn to tender grief thy joy."

* Signiora Margarita.

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

'Tis Fame's chief immortality,
Britannia! to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the loss; from midnight skies
Ill omens late did strike my eyes;
Near the radiant Northern Car
I look'd, and saw a falling star.

" Lands remote the loss will hear;
" From rocks reporting,
" Seas transporting,
" Will the wafted sorrow bear.
" Winds that fly
" Will softly sigh,
" A star has left the British sphere,
" Lands remote," &c.

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Great George! whose azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illustrious Isle!
Thou saw'st thy Order late expresst
With added brightness on Devonia's breast; [smile.
Meet the companion Knight, and own him with a

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

" BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave
" Let growing palms extend.

* Mrs. Tofts.

"AUG. To grace his peaceful grave
"Let hov'ring Loves attend.
"BOTH. { To ſhade, &c.
{ To grace, &c.
"BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
"AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
"BOTH. The gen'rous and the brave."

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Now ſhall Auguſta's ſons their ſkill impart,
And ſummon the dumb ſiſter Art,
In marble life to ſhow
What the patriot was below.
Here let a weeping Cupid ſtand,
And wound himſelf with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the ſword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's truſt and his command.

AIR.

"Lofty birth, and honours ſhining,
"Bring a light on noble minds;
"Ev'ry courtly grace combining,
"Ev'ry gen'rous action joining,
"With eternal laurel binds.
"Lofty birth, and honours ſhining,
"Bring a light on noble minds."

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loſs bewail a friend.
See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps ſhe lights,
Then on his urn the goddeſs writes:

" Preſerve, O urn *! his ſilent duſt,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like Anna good and juſt,
" Yet ſcorn'd his freedom to betray,
" And, hated by all tyrants, choſe
" The glory to have ſuch his foes."

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy ſorrows o'er,
A grateful tribute thou haſt paid
To thy Devonia's noble ſhade;
Now vainly weep the dead no more.
For ſee—the Duke and patriot ſtill ſurvives,
And in his great ſucceſſor lives.

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

I own the new-ariſing light;
I ſee paternal grandeur ſhine,
Deſcending thro' th' illuſtrious line
In the ſame royal favours bright.

Laſt DUETTO, *with all the inſtruments.*

" BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O Time!
" AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
" BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
" Still this happy race behold
" In Britannia's court ſublime.

* The Duke ordered this inſcription to be placed upon his monument,

Willielmus, Dux Devoniæ,
Bonorum Principum fidelis ſubditus,
Inimicus, et inviſus tyrannis.

" BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours,
" AUG. Long produce their smiling hours,
" BOTH. Blest'd by all auspicious pow'rs.
" BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
" AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
" BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
" Still this happy race behold
" In Britannia's court sublime."

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of Day,
Beauty! to thy celestial ray
A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit and moving eloquence,
And ev'ry art t' improve the sense,
And ev'ry grace that shines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art music's living spring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,
Describes the pow'r that makes him sing.

III.

Painters from thee their ſkill derive,
By thee their works to ages live;
For ev'n thy ſhadows give ſurpriſe,
As when we view in cryſtal ſtreams
The morning ſun and riſing beams,
That ſeem to ſhoot from other ſkies.

IV.

Enchanting viſion! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter ſtill thy glories ſhine,
And double charms thy pow'r improve,
When Beauty, dreſs'd in ſmiles of Love,
Grows, like its parent Heav'n, divine!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;
OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Altered for Muſic by Mr. Hughes.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas at the royal feaſt for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſat
On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

" Lovely Thais by his ſide,
" Blooming ſat in beauty's pride.
" Happy, happy, happy pair!
" None but the brave deſerves the fair."

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
Trembling the notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above:
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſt,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd adore the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent deity! the echoing roofs rebound.

AIR.

" With raviſh'd ears
" The monarch hears,

" Assumes the god,
" Affects the nod,
" And seems to shake the spheres."

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young!
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face,
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he rode,
While loud with conquest and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal skies to join
In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

" Bacchus, ever gay and young,
" First did drinking joys ordain.
" Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; } 1.
" Drinking is the soldier's pleasure; } 2.
" Rich the treasure, } 1.
" Sweet the pleasure; } 2.
" Sweet is pleasure after pain!" } BOTH.

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the [slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heav'n and earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

"See Darius, great and good!
"By too severe a fate
"Fall'n from his high estate;
"Behold his flowing blood!
"On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
"With not a friend to close his eyes!"

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below,
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR, *with flutes.*

"War is toil and trouble,
"Honour is an airy bubble,

" Never ending, still beginning,
" Fighting still, and still destroying:
" If the world be worth thy winning,
" Think, O! think it worth enjoying:
" Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
" Take the good the gods provide thee."

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

" Phœbus! patron of the lyre,
" Cupid! god of soft desire,
" Cupid! god of soft desire,
" Phœbus! patron of the lyre,
" How victorious are your charms!
" Crown'd with conquest,
" Full of glory,
" See a monarch fall'n before ye,
" Chain'd in Beauty's clasping arms!"

1.
2.
1.
2.
BOTH.
1.
2.
BOTH.

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:

Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

AIR, *with ſymphonies.*

"Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
"See the Furies ariſe!
"See the ſnakes that they rear
"How they hiſs in their hair,
"And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!"

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high!
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods!

AIR.

"The princes applaud with a furious joy,
"And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;

" Thais led the way
" To light him to his prey,
" And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

" Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
" Or both divide the crown;
" He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
" She drew an angel down."

A MONUMENTAL ODE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

Late wife of Edward Hughes, Esq. of Hertingfordbury, in the county of Hertford, and daughter of Richard Harrison, Esq. of Balls, in the same county.

OBIIT NOV. 15. 1714.

I.

See! how those dropping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mould'ring dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they:
For, see! to dust they both return,
And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live:
Yet stone and brass our hopes betray:
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt! to the wond'ring skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise:
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dread remain:
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death ourſelves and all our works we owe:
But is there nought, O Muſe! can ſave
Our memories from darkneſs and the grave,
And ſome ſhort after-life beſtow?
That taſk is mine, the Muſe replies;
And, hark! ſhe tunes the ſacred lyre.
Verſe is the laſt of human works that dies,
When virtue does the ſong inſpire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza! happy Saint! look down;
Pauſe from immortal joys a while
To hear, and, gracious, with a ſmile
The dedicated numbers own:
Say how in thy life's ſcanty ſpace,
So ſhort a ſpace, ſo wondrous bright,
Bright as a ſummer's day, ſhort as a ſummer's night,
Couldſt thou find room for ev'ry crowded grace?
As if thy thrifty ſoul foreknew,
Like a wiſe envoy, Heav'n's intent
Soon to recall whom it had ſent,
And all its taſk reſolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didſt a while repair,
Curious our cuſtoms and our laws to know,
And, ſick'ning in our groſſer air,
And tir'd of vain repeated ſights,
Our fooliſh cares, our falſe delights,
Back to thy native ſeats wouldſt go?

Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few,
Who best thy num'rous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee, to mourn.

V.

Now, pensive Muse! enlarge thy flight;
(By turns the pensive Muses love
The hilly heights and shady grove)
Behold where, swelling to the sight,
Balls, a fair structure! graceful stands,
And from yon' verdant rising brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where Nature's hand in slow meanders leads
The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
Thro' flow'ry vales and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospect spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, born first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So on some tow'ring peak that meets the sky,
When missive seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for a while alight,
Put off their rays celestial-bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant-virtues grew:
Water'd by Heav'n's peculiar care

Her morning-bloom was doubly fair,
Like ſummer's day-break, when we ſee
The freſh-dropp'd ſtores of roſy dew
(Tranſparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the graſs their cobweb lawn,
Or hang moiſt pearls on ev'ry tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely ſight, a while
Her friends behold, and joyful ſmile,
Nor think the ſun's exhaling ray
Will change the ſcene ere noon of day,
Dry up the gliſt'ring drops, and draw thoſe dews away.

VII.

Yet firſt, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious ſaint, the duteous child appear,
The tender ſiſter, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but muſt one circlet of the year
Unite in bliſs, in grief divide
The deſtin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, gen'rous Youth! the gath'ring tear
That, as you read theſe lines, or hear,
Perhaps may ſtart, and ſeem to ſay,
"That ſhort-liv'd year was but a day!"
Forbear—nor fruitleſs ſorr'wings now employ;
Think ſhe was lent a while, not giv'n,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heav'n)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN ODE FOR TWO VOICES,

For the Birth-day of her Royal Highneſs

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

St. David's day, the 1ſt of March, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH;

And performed at the anniverſary meeting of the Society of Ancient Britons eſtabliſhed in honour of her Royal Highneſs's birth-day, and of the principality of Wales.

Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere ſemper,
A populo rerum digna potente coli! OVID.

Firſt voice, FAME.

Second voice, CAMBRIA; *or, The Principality of* WALES.

BOTH VOICES, *with a trumpet.*

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

"CAMB. Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
"And with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
"To all Britannia's realms around
"The double feſtival proclaim."

"FAME. The goddeſs of immortal fame
"Shall with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound
"To all Britannia's realms around
"The double feſtival proclaim."

BOTH VOICES.

"O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes re-
bound;
"Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay.
"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day."

FAME. Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known,
Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
Well pleas'd to see
His day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himself and thee.
See Carolina's natal star arise,
And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
Tho' on her virtues I should ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her num'rous virtues tell.
Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
Detraction from her presence flies;
And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
And murm'ring Envy sees her smile, and dies.

"Happy morn! such gifts bestowing,
"Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
"Ever thus auspicious shine!
"Happy Isle! such gifts possessing;
"Britain! ever own the blessing;
"Carolina's charms are thine."

CAMB. Nor yet, O Fame! doſt thou diſplay
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet ariſe to ſight.
See! o'er theſe rites what mighty pow'r preſides *;
Behold! to thee his early ſteps he guides;
What noble ardour does his ſoul excite!
Henceforth when, to the liſt'ning univerſe
Thou numb'reſt o'er my princes of renown,
The ſecond hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou ſhalt rehearſe †,
And tell of Crecy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet ſound again;
The brave Auguſtus ſhall renew thy ſtrain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verſe.

AIR, *with a harp.*

"Heav'nly Muſes! tune your lyres,
"Far reſounding;
"Grace the hero's glorious name.
"See! the ſong new life inſpires;
"Ev'ry breaſt with joy abounding,
"Seems to ſhare the hero's flame."

FAME. O thou! with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly bleſt,
While thro' th' extended royal line
Thou ſeeſt thy propagated luſtre ſhine,

* His Royal Highneſs, Preſident of the Society.
† Edward the Black Prince.

What ſecret raptures fill thy breaſt!
So ſmiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMB. Hail, ſource of bleſſings to our Iſle!
While gloomy clouds ſhall take their flight,
Shot th'ro' by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons ſmile!

BOTH VOICES.

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

"CAMB. Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
"And with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound
"To all Britannia's realms around
"The double feſtival proclaim."

"FAME. The goddeſs of immortal fame
"Shall with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound
"To all Britannia's realms around
"The double feſtival proclaim."

BOTH VOICES.

"O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound;
"Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and ev'ry eye be gay:
"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

"Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ
Accipiant, cœlique vias et sidera monstrent." VIRG.

Advertisement.

IT may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, entitled E Rebus Humanis Excessus, *from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called* The Ecstasy. *The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens, according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.*

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere.
Ye Winds and Clouds! come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift thro' the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And, lo! how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!

The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heav'nly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace: whole cities, too,
Decreaſe beneath my riſing view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its ſcatter'd nations I ſurvey,
And all the maſs of earth and ſea:
Oh! object well deſerving tears!
Capricious ſtate of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know.

II.

Here new-built towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and, mould'ring, lie,
Obſcure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waſte I ſpy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts ſhe to heav'n her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's ſhore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herſelf behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatneſs ſunk, her modern boaſted ſtate!

See her luxurious palaces arise
With broken arches mix'd between!
And here what ſplendid domes poſſeſs the ſkies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moſs diſplay,
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roofleſs heads to form the various ſcene!

III.

Around the ſpace of earth I turn my eye,
But where 's the region free from woe?
Where ſhall the Muſe one little ſpot deſcry
The ſeat of happineſs below?
Here peace would all its joys diſpenſe,
The vines and olives unmoleſted grow;
But, lo! a purple peſtilence
Unpeoples cities, ſweeps the plains,
Whilſt vainly thro' deſerted fields
Her unreap'd harveſts Ceres yields;
And at the noon of day a midnight ſilence reigns:
There milder heat the healthful climate warms;
But, ſlaves to arbitrary pow'r,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad poſſeſſors ruſh to arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar;
I view diſtinct the mingled war:
I ſee the charging ſquadrons preſt
Hand to hand, and breaſt to breaſt.

Deſtruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh:
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her droughty jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

IV.

Here cruel Diſcord takes a wider ſcene,
To exerciſe more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their num'rous pow'rs engage,
With ſcarce a ſpace of ſea between.
Hark! what a brazen burſt of thunder
Rends the elements aſunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the diſtant ſhore:
The diſtant ſhore,
That ſuch a ſtorm ne'er felt before,
Tranſmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling ſound.

V.

Still greater horrors ſtrike my eyes:
Behold convulſive earthquakes there
A ſhatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities ſink, and ſudden mountains riſe!
Thro' op'ning mines th' aſtoniſh'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin ſleeps, and nought remains
But duſt above and deſert plains,
Unleſs ſome ſtone this ſad inſcription wear,
Rais'd by ſome future traveller,

" The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here
" One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where ſeas, diſdaining bound,
O'er the firm land uſurping ride,
And bury ſpacious towns beneath their ſweeping tide!
Daſh'd with the ſudden flood the vaulted temples ſound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A wat'ry monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I ſpy,
And the wide ſurface far around
With ſpoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia! was the ravage and affright
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and, riſing in its might,
Pour down ſwift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
A never-ceaſing fight maintain,
While man on ev'ry ſide is ſure to loſe;
And Fate has furniſh'd out the ſtage of life
With war, misfortune, and with ſtrife,
Till Death the curtain drops, and ſhuts the ſcene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight,
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze?

I go to realms ſerene with ever-living light.
Haſte, Clouds and Whirlwinds! haſte a raptur'd bard
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way, [to raiſe:
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of ether driv'n,
Swim thro' the blue expanſe of heav'n.
And, lo! th' obſequious clouds and winds obey;
And, lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my eye.
Heav'n! what bright viſions now ariſe!
What op'ning worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſurpriſe!
I paſs cerulean gulfs, and now behold
New ſolid globes their weight, ſelf-balanc'd, bear
Unpropp'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all around the central ſun in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe, ſee they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the ſame laws ordain
T' obey the earth and rule the main;
Her ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear,
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wond'ring Muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my ſight,
When, lo! the earth, a larger moon, diſplays
Far off, amidſt the heav'ns, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter-moon by turns gives light.
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What pow'r unknown my course still upwards guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Thro' heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright Ring
Here the sun's beams so faintly play, [behold.
The mingled shades almost extinguish day:
His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end,
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bord'ring realms extend.

IX.

And now far off, thro' the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the Milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heav'n's glittering heights adorn:
Lost in each others' neighb'ring rays,
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,

Oft' turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no ſtars, but o'er his head
Beholds the ſtreamy twilight ſpread,
Like diſtant morning in the ſkies,
And wonders from what ſource its dawning ſplen-
[dours riſe.
X.
But, lo!—what 's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems far off a pointed flame;
From earthwards too the ſhining meteor came.
How ſwift it climbs th' aerial ſpace!
And now it traverſes each ſphere,
And ſeems ſome living gueſt familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the ſkies I know.
'Tis Newton's ſoul! that daily travels here
In ſearch of knowledge for mankind below.
O ſtay, thou happy Spirit! ſtay,
And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe thro' the downward roads of night,
And in Elyſium bleſs'd his ſight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, ſtray,
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd ſuns, all ſeas of molten gold,
And trace each comet's wand'ring way,
And now deſcry Light's fountain-head,
And meaſure its deſcending ſpeed;

Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the wat'ry bow;
Or, now diffus'd, their beauteous tinctures shed
On ev'ry planet's rising hills, and ev'ry verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's pow'r adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light.
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies
Amid the darkness of the shelt'ring wood,
Yet there with inborn vigour hopes the skies,
Till, fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heav'n to heav'n aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires;
With gen'rous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder thro' th' ethereal plains.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

ANACREON, ODE III.

AT dead of night, when mortals loſe
Their various cares in ſoft repoſe,
I heard a knocking at my door:
"Who 's that," ſaid I, "at this late hour
"Diſturbs my reſt?"—It ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd:
"A poor unhappy child am I,
"That 's come to beg your charity:
"Pray let me in!—you need not fear;
"I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
"But, wet and cold, crave ſhelter here:
"Betray'd by night, and led aſtray,
"I 'ave loſt—alas! I 'ave loſt my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When, ſee! a naked boy before
The threſhold. At his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his ſide
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty Angel! come," ſaid I,
"Come to the fire, and do not cry."
I ſtrok'd his neck and ſhoulders bare,
And ſqueez'd the water from his hair,

Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, says he, "I 'd know
"Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow:
"Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ake and smart,
As if a bee had stung my heart.
"Are these your thanks, ungrateful Child!
"Are these your thanks?"—Th' impostor smil'd.
"Farewell, my loving host!" says he;
"All 's well; my bow 's unhurt I see:
"But what a wretch I 'ave made of thee!"

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Where Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus and Thisbe fair;
Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.
His perfect form all other youth's surpass'd;
Charms such as her's no Eastern beauty grac'd.
Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
An early promise of the love t' ensue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame: had Fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;

But with vain threats forbidding parents strove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
The more conceal'd the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts. The common wall between
Each parted house retain'd a chink, unseen
For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd,
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and ev'ry day
A thousand am'rous blandishments convey;
And often, as they stood on either side,
To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd,
"Why, envious Wall! ah! why dost thou destroy
"The lovers' hopes, and why forbid the joy? [charms,
"How should we bless thee wouldst thou yield to
"And, op'ning, let us rush into each other's arms?
"At least, if that 's too much, afford a space
"To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace.
"We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
"And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain."
Thus having said, when ev'ning call'd to rest,
The faithful pair on either side impress
An intercepted kiss, then bade good night:
But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight

The ſtars, and Phœbus, riſing from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flow'ry mead;
Again they meet; in ſighs again diſcloſe
Their grief, and laſt this bold deſign propoſe,
That in the dead of night both would deceive
Their keepers, and the houſe and city leave;
And leſt, eſcap'd, without the walls they ſtray
In pathleſs fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the ſhady covert of a tree:
The tree, well-known, near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of ſnowy hue.
The project pleas'd; the ſun's unwelcome light
(That ſlowly ſeem'd to move, and ſlack his flight)
Sunk in the ſeas; from the ſame ſeas aroſe the ſable night;
When ſtealing thro' the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air.
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd ſhe went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument;
Then ſat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimm'ring of the ſhining moon,
She ſat not long before from far ſhe ſpy'd
A lioneſs approach the fountain-ſide:
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of ſlaughter'd bulls befmear'd, and foul with food;
For reeking from the prey, the ſavage came
To drown her thirſt within the neighb'ring ſtream.

Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksome den; but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody teeth, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground.
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
"One night," he cry'd, "two lovers shall destroy,
"She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy;
"But mine's the forfeit life. Unhappy maid!
"'Twas I that slew thee; I th' appointment made;
"To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
"And came not first myself.—O hither haste,
"Ye lions all that roam this rocky waste!
"Tear my devoted entrails; gnaw, divide,
"And gorge your famine in my open'd side.
"But cowards call for death!"—Thus having spoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree: ardent he kiss,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest.
"Now take a second stain," the lover said,
While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the steel, and, stagg'ring, fell to ground.

As when a conduit broke the ſtreams ſhoot high,
Starting in ſudden fountains thro' the ſky,
So ſpouts the living ſtream, and ſprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimſon gore,
While, ſapp'd in purple floods, the conſcious root
Tranſmits the ſtain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to diſappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forſook the grove,
And ſought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She ſaw the vary'd tree had loſt its white,
And doubting ſtood if that could be the right;
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying perſon ſpurn the ſanguine field.
Aghaſt ſhe ſtarted back, and ſhook with pain,
As riſing breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd a while entranc'd; but when ſhe found
It was her lover welt'ring on the ground,
She beat her lovely breaſt, and tore her hair,
Claſp'd the dear corpſe, and, frantic in deſpair,
Kiſs'd his cold face; ſupply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
"Say, Pyramus, oh! ſay, what chance ſevere
"Has ſnatch'd thee from my arms?——
"'Tis thy own Thiſbe calls, look up and hear!"
At Thiſbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And having ſeen her, clos'd them up, and dies.

But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side,
"Ah! wretched Youth!" said she, "by love betray'd;
"Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
"Weak as I am I boast as strong a love;
"For such a deed this hand as bold shall prove.
"I 'll follow thee to death; the world shall call
"Thisbe the cause and partner of thy fall;
"And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
"Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
"But hear, in both our names, this dying pray'r,
"Ye wretched Parents of a wretched pair!
"Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
"Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
"And thou, fair Tree! beneath whose friendly shade
"One lifeless lover is already laid,
"And soon shalt cover two, for ever wear
"Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear!"
She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
Relenting Heav'n allows her last request,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents' breast:
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains,
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID. AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, ſome god, whence does this change ariſe,
Why gentle ſleep forſakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the ſpringing light?—
What cruel demon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure if 't were Love I ſhould th' invader find,
Unleſs diſguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With ſilent arts ingenious to deſtroy.
Alas! 't is ſo—'tis fix'd, the ſecret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then ſhall I yield, or th' infant flame oppoſe?
I yield—reſiſtence would increaſe my woes:
For ſtruggling ſlaves a ſharper doom ſuſtain
Than ſuch as ſtoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy pow'r, almighty Love! I 'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here reſign:
Let this ſubmiſſion then my life obtain;
Small praiſe 't will be if thus unarm'd I 'm ſlain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of War himſelf a chariot ſhall prepare;
Then thou triumphant thro' the ſhouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
While captive youths and maids, in ſolemn ſtate,
Adorn the ſcene, and on thy triumph wait.

There I, a later conqueſt of thy bow,
In chains will follow too, and, as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will ſhow.
Next, all that dare Love's ſov'reign pow'r defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious ſhall paſs by:
All ſhall ſubmit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and ſing thy praiſe aloud.
Soft Looks ſhall in thy equipage appear,
With am'rous Play, Miſtake, and jealous Fear.
Be this thy guard, great Love!—be this thy train,
Since theſe extend o'er men and gods thy reign,
But robb'd of theſe thy pow'r is weak and vain.
From heav'n thy mother ſhall the pomp ſurvey,
And, ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant ſhow'rs of roſes in thy way,
Whilſt thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyſelf, ſhalt ride:
Thy ſpreading wings ſhall richeſt diamonds wear,
And gems ſhall ſparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus paſſing by, thy arm ſhall hurl around
Ten thouſand fires, ten thouſand hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy practice, Love! and this thy gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou wouldſt, refrain;
Since ev'n thy preſence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India ſo the jovial god *,
Drawn o'er the plains by harneſs'd tigers, rode.

* Bacchus.

Then ſince, great Love! I take a willing place
Amidſt thy ſpoils, the ſacred ſhow to grace,
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal ſtore
Of piercing ſhafts be ſpent on me no more!
No more, too pow'rful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a ſlave that for her beauty dies;
Or look in ſmiles from thence, and I ſhall be
A ſlave no longer, but a god, like thee.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" *Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,*
" *Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,*" &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

HENCE, ſaviſh Fear! thy Stygian wings diſplay;
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds and ſhades of night,
To conſcious ſouls direct thy flight;
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd ſprights,
Thy viſionary tribe, thy black and monſtrous race!
Go! haunt the ſlave that ſtains his hands in gore;
Poſſeſs the perjur'd mind, and rack the uſurer more
Than his oppreſſion did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches! you prepare
The glitt'ring forgery of war;
The poiſon'd ſhaft, the Parthian bow, and ſpear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd, and guided from his ear,
He hurls impetuous thro' the field;
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the ſhield:
He 's only ſafe whoſe armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps he go,
Vaſt mountains of eternal ſnow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaſpes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's deſert land,
Where, threat'ning from afar,
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of ſand,
No ſenſe of danger can diſturb his reſt:
He fears no human force nor ſavage beaſt;
Impenetrable courage ſteels his manly breaſt.

IV.

Thus late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care and full of love,
I raiſe my tuneful voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and way,
A griſly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.

A fiercer monſter ne'er, in queſt of food,
Apulian foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious beaſt;
Numidia! mother of the yellow brood,
Where the ſtern lion ſhakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and ſcours the ſpacious plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft breeze of ſummer wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd ſoil unbind,
Where no refreſhing warmth e'er durſt invade,
But Winter holds his unmoleſted ſeat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling ſtorms of hail, and noiſy tempeſts, beat:
Place me beneath the ſcorching blaze
Of the fierce ſun's immediate rays,
Where houſe or cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted plant, or tree, nor ſpringing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage! my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I 'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the muſic of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

" *Otium Divos rogat in patenti*
" *Prenſus Ægæo,*" &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! pow'r ſerene!
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
O ſay, thou calm propitious queen!
Say in what ſolitary grove,
Within what hollow rock or winding cell,
By human eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated Druid, doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive Goddeſs! why,
When we thy manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us thro' enchanted ground,
To mock our vain reſearch, and from our wiſhes fly?

II.

The wand'ring ſailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous ſea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted ſky,
No friendly moon or ſtars appear
To guide their ſteerage to the ſhore.
For thee the weary ſoldier prays;
Furious in fight the ſons of Thrace,

And Medes, that wear, majeſtic, by their ſide
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold,
With gems, and purple veſts, and ſtores of plunder'd [gold.

III.

But neither boundleſs wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the Conſul's honour'd gate,
Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded rooms of ſtate,
And their foul neſts, like ſwallows, build
Cloſe to the palace-roofs, and tow'rs that pierce the [ſky.
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely ſwain
Who, in ſome cottage, far from noiſe,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid luſt of gain,
Nor with fear's tormenting pain
His hov'ring ſleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs game projects the daring ſpear;
For ſhort is life's uncertain race!
Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Doſt thou for happineſs repair

To distant climates and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
Thyself, the source of all thy care.
So flies the wounded stag; provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
And from the smarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than stags, or winds that thro' the skies
Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear:
Pursuing Care the sailing ship outflies,
Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides,
Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
But with the marching horsemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

VI.

Then, since no state 's completely blest,
Let 's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and, wisely gay,
Enjoy at least the present day,
And leave to Fate the rest;
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the stage;
The hero fell by sudden death,

While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend!
Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend
Which he 'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
And all thy fruitful fields around
Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice
Make neighb'ring vales and hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift measur'd way.
To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein,
But a sincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III*.

I.

The man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poising on Virtue's base his mind,

* The design of this Ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

Rests in himself secure,
Indissolubly firm in good:
Let tempests rise and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into pow'r.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown,
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of Nature crack,
And all the spacious globes on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky;
Yet he 'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing serene!

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules
Roam'd thro' the world, and bless'd the nations round,
Till, rais'd at length to heav'nly palaces,
Mankind as gods their benefactors crown'd.
With these Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
The glaring savages resist in vain,

Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Thro' yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus purſu'd the ſhining trace,
And leapt the lake where all
The reſt of mortals fall;
And with his father's* horſes ſcour'd the ſame bright airy race.

III.

Then, in full ſenate of the deities,
Settling the ſeats of pow'r and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous ſentence pleas'd the ſkies:
"O Troy!" ſhe ſaid, "O hated Troy!
"A foreign woman † and a boy ‖,
"Lewd, partial, and unjuſt,
"Shook all thy proudeſt tow'rs to duſt;
"Inclin'd to ruin from the time
"Thy king did mock two pow'rs divine,
"And rais'd thy fated walls in perjury;
"But doubly damn'd by that offence
"Which did Minerva's rage incenſe,
"And offer'd wrong to me.
"No more the treach'rous raviſher
"Shines in full pomp and youthful charms,
"Nor Priam's impious houſe with Hector's ſpear
"Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

* Romulus was ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Mars by the prieſteſs Ilia. † Helen. ‖ Paris.

IV.

"Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout;
"At laſt the ſtorm is ſpent;
"My fury with it ebbing out,
"Theſe terms of peace content.
"To Mars I grant among the ſtars a place
"For his ſon Romulus, of Trojan race:
"Here ſhall he dwell in theſe divine abodes,
"Drink of the heav'nly bowl,
"And in this ſhining court his name enroll
"With the ſerene and ever-vacant gods:
"While ſeas ſhall rage between his Rome and Troy,
"The horrid diſtance breaking wide,
"The baniſh'd Trojans ſhall the globe enjoy,
"And reign in ev'ry place beſide:
"While beaſts inſult my judge's duſt *, and hide
"Their litter in his curſed tomb,
"The ſhining Capitol of Rome
"Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
"And Parthians take their law from that eternal [dome.

V.

"Let Rome extend her fame to ev'ry ſhore,
"And let no banks or mounds reſtrain
"Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command.
"The ſeas from Europe Afric part in vain;
"Swelling above thoſe floods, her pow'r
"Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.

* Paris.

" Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
" The glitt'ring beams of gold despise,
" Gold! the great source of human cares,
" Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
" Till, fought in evil hour by hands unblest,
" Op'ning the dark abodes
" There issued forth a direful train of woes
" That give mankind no rest;
" For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
" No native human uses knows.

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
" The bounds of Nature yet unseen,
" He meant a goal of glory to the race
" The Roman arms shall win:
" Rejoicing, onward they approach
" To view the outworks of the world,
" The madding fires in wild debauch,
" The snows and rains unborn in endless eddies whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome! pronounce these fates behind;
" But will thy reign with this condition bind,
" That no false filial piety,
" In idle shapes deluding thee,
" Or confidence of pow'r,
" Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tow'r;

" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant ſtars,
" Haunted with omens ſtill the ſame,
" Rebuilt, ſhall but renew the former flame,
" Jove's wife and ſiſter leading on the wars.
" Thrice let her ſhine with brazen walls,
" Rear'd up by heav'nly hands,
" And thrice in fatal duſt ſhe falls
" By faithful Grecian bands:
" Thrice the dire ſcene ſhall on the world return,
" And captive wives again their ſons and huſbands mourn."
But ſtop, preſumptuous Muſe! thy daring flight,
Nor hope, in thy weak lyric lay,
The heav'nly language to diſplay,
Or bring the counſels of the gods to light.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the rebellion in the year 1715.

The man that loves his king and nation *,
And ſhuns each vile aſſociation;
That truſts his honeſt deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals by night,

* Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida ſagittis,
Fuſce, pharetra.

With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the ſtate,
Needs not his hall with weapons ſtore,
Nor dreads each rapping at his door,
Nor ſculks in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parſon's gown,
Nor wants to guard his generous heart
The poniard or the poiſon'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A ſword of lath might croſs his ſide.
If o'er St. James's Park he ſtray *,
He ſtops not, pauſing in his way,
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day †,
Humming—"O ev'ry month was May"—

* Sive per Syrtes iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.

† Namque me ſylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

And, thoughtleſs how my time I ſquander'd,
From Whitehall thro' the Cockpit wander'd,
A meſſenger, with ſurly eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.
No ſharper look or rougher mien *
In Scottiſh Highlands e'er were ſeen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or noſe more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breaſt,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the beaſt.
Place me among a hundred ſpies †,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or ſearch my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line ſhall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;
Let Townſend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair;

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æſculetis:
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

† Pone me pigris, ubi nulla campis,
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget:
Pone ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Or ſend me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curſe at Marlb'rough's glories,
And drink—but ſure none ſuch there are!—
The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet ſtill my loyalty I 'll boaſt,
King George ſhall ever be my toaſt;
Unbrib'd his glorious cauſe I 'll own,
And fearleſs ſcorn each traitor's frown.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why doſt thou ſtay,
And leave undone what ſhould be done to-day?
Begin—the preſent minute 's in thy pow'r;
But ſtill t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown who, at ſome river's ſide,
Expecting ſtands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be paſt.—Fool! not to know
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

A LETTER*

To the Author of

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE REPUB. OF LETTERS.

Giving ſome account of Mr. Hughes' conſtruction of the Twentieth ode of Horace, Book II.

SIR,

THERE are ſome conſtructions of obſcure paſſages in ancient writers which, when diſcovered, appear ſo natural and obvious, that the reader is apt to wonder how they could eſcape his obſervation. I think this remark may be exemplified by an eaſy interpretation of the Twentieth ode of the ſecond book of Horace, which has hitherto proved a ſtumbling block to the critics and commentators. It will be neceſſary for this purpoſe to tranſcribe a few lines from it.

AD MECÆNATEM.

Non uſitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longius: invidiaque major

Urbes relinquam: non ego panperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
Dilecte, Mecænas, obibo:
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Jam jam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne: naſcunturque leves
Per digitos, humeroſque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocyor Icaro, &c.

* Printed in The Preſent State of the Republic of Letters for Nov. 1728, vol. II. p. 383.

The chief diſpute has been, whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mecænas*, or to follow *vocas*, in the ſenſe of *ô delecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they underſtand *vocas* to ſignify the ſame as *vocas ad cœnam*, as it is uſed by Catullus and other Latin writers. But Mr. Dacier rejects this ſenſe (I think with reaſon) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a paraſite than a polite writer: he therefore, and others, conſtrue it the latter way. But then all the uſe they make of it is, "That they ſuppoſe Horace inſinuates "to Mecænas in an agreeable manner (as Mr. Dacier "expreſſes himſelf) that he was not unworthy of the "affection and tenderneſs his patron teſtified for him, "in calling him my Dear! my Life! and in uſing other "expreſſions of the like import, ſince he was ſo excel-"lent a poet, and ſhould be crowned with immorta-"lity." So that the whole deſign of Horace, according to theſe gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praiſe, and modeſtly to acquaint Mecænas (if you will forgive a modern phraſe) what a very pretty fellow he was.

The fruitful genius of the learned Dr. Bentley has found out a ſenſe which I believe none of his predeceſſors ever thought of, and he delivers it with the aſſurance of an oracle. *Quid multa? ſine dubio ſic conſtruendus eſt locus, Non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas ſanguis pauperum parentum. Hic nihil jam ineptum; hic pulchrè habet antitheſis; non ego; quem pauperis libertini*

filium vocas obibo: neque paupertas, neque ignobilitas generis obſtabit, quo minus ſempiternum nomen ex ſcriptis meis conſequar.

But notwithſtanding this triumph, the Doctor can ſcarce believe that the good-natured Mecænas would in earneſt upbraid his beloved Horace with his being deſcended *patre libertino*; and therefore, to ſolve the matter, he conjectures that he only ſpoke it jocularly; or rather (according to the laudable maxim, *Poſito quolibet, ſequitur quodlibet*) that thoſe blundering rogues, the tranſcribers or printers, have made a miſtake here, and that inſtead of *vocas* we ought to read *vocant*; which (*ſub intellecto nominativo*) ſignifies that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanneſs of his parentage.

The true ſenſe of the ode ſeems, in ſhort, to be no more than this: "Horace tells Mecænas that though "he was deſcended from obſcure parents, yet ſince "Mecænas had honoured him with his friendſhip, "and treated him with ſo much tenderneſs and af-"fection, he was above envy, and ſecure of immor-"tality."

So that the whole turn of the ode depends upon the right interpretation of the word *dilecte*.

It is at leaſt certain that this conſtruction is perfectly agreeable to the known ſentiments of Horace in his ſixth Satire, book I. where he addreſſes himſelf to Mecænas in theſe words:

Ut veni coram, ſingultim pauca loquutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Saturejano vectari rura caballo.
Sed, quod eram, narro. Reſpondes, ut tuus eſt mos,
Pauca———————————jubeſque
Eſſe in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpe ſecernis honeſtum,
Non patre præclaro, ſed vita et peſtore puro.

Now, taking it in this light, inſtead of a vain encomium of himſelf, it appears to be an elegant compliment to Mecænas; and the *non uſitatâ pennâ* in the firſt ſtanza, the *jam jam* in the third, and the *jam* in the fourth, all confirm this ſenſe. It is indeed ſo plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus' breaking the end of the egg, and making it ſtand upright) how any one could miſs it: and yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator who has placed it in this light.

The public is obliged for this judicious critique to the late accurate Mr. Hughes, by whom the ſubſtance of it was communicated in diſcourſe to the writer of this letter.

He has further confirmed and illuſtrated the ſenſe here given, by the following admirable alluſion to the forecited ode.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM MR. HUGHES

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

RELATIVE TO HOR. LIB. II. ODE 20.

—"This little poem was writ by the accident of "having Horace for my companion in a confinement "by ſickneſs, and fancying I had diſcovered a new "ſenſe of one of his odes, for which I have found your "Lordſhip's great indulgence and partiality to me "the beſt expoſition.

"Perhaps we never read with that attention as "when we think we have found ſomething appli- "cable to ourſelves. I am now grown fond enough "of this ſenſe to believe it the true one, and have "drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I "have mentioned it) into my opinion.

"The ode, your Lordſhip will ſee, is that in which "Horace feigns himſelf turned into a ſwan. It paſſes "(for aught I know univerſally) for a compliment on "himſelf, and a mere enthuſiaſtic rant of the poet in "his own praiſe, like his *Exegi Monumentum*, &c. I "confeſs I had often ſlightly read it in that view, and "have found every one I have lately aſked deceived "by the ſame opinion, which I cannot but think ſpoils "the ode, and ſinks it to nothing; I had almoſt ſaid, "turns the ſwan into a gooſe.

"The grammarians seem to have fallen into this "mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his "rapture, *viz.* its being addressed to Mecænas, and "have prefaced it with this and the like general in-"scriptions—*Vaticinatur carminum suorum immortali-"tatem, &c.* which I think is not the subject.

"I am very happy in the occasion which shewed "it me in a quite different sense from what I had ever "apprehended till I had the honour to be known to "your Lordship; I am sure a much more advantage-"ous one to the poet, as well as more just to his great "patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imita-"tor, in pursuing the same hint further, to make it "less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me, "when I own I have not on this occasion so much "thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivalling his "pride, by the ambition of being known as,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged

"and devoted humble servant,

J. HUGHES."

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

ANNO MDCCXVII.

In allusion to Horace, Lib. II. Ode xx.

I.

I'm rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er;
Prepar'd, a tow'ring swan, to soar
Aloft. See, see the down arise,
And clothe my back and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth: now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor envy nor ill fortune's spite
Shall stop my course or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure, or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil, my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;

Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a poet's name,
Let fame be ſilent; only tell
That gen'rous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Thro' Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own;
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and ev'ry tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear,
"Here lies his clay, to earth conſign'd,
"To whom great Cowper once was kind."

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn feſtal day,
Held by th' immortals in the ſkies,
Flora had ſummon'd all the deities
That rule o'er gardens, or ſurvey
The birth of greens and ſpringing flow'rs,
And thus addreſs'd the genial pow'rs.

"Ye ſhining Graces of my courtly train!
"The cauſe of this aſſembly know:
"In ſov'reign majeſty I reign
"O'er the gay flow'ry univerſe below;

" Yet, my increaſing glory to maintain,
" A queen I'll chuſe, with ſpotleſs honour fair,
" The delegated crown to wear.
" Let me your counſel and aſſiſtance aſk,
" T' accompliſh this momentous taſk."

The deities that ſtood around
At firſt return'd a murm'ring ſound;
Then ſaid, " Fair Goddeſs! do you know
" The factious feuds this muſt create,
" What jealous rage and mutual hate
" Among the rival flow'rs will grow?
" The vileſt thiſtle that infeſts the plain
" Will think his tawdry painted pride
" Deſerves the crown, and, if deny'd,
" Perhaps with traitor-plots moleſt your reign."
" Vain are your fears," Flora reply'd;
" 'Tis fix'd—and hear how I 'll the cauſe decide.

" Deep in a venerable wood,
" Where oaks, with vocal ſkill endu'd,
" Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
" Beneath a little hill's inclining ſide,
" A grotto 's ſeen, where Nature's art
" Is exercis'd in all her ſmiling pride.
" Retir'd in this ſweet graſſy cell
" A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell:

" She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
" Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inſpire:
" A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was
her ſire.

" Chaſte, wiſe, devout, ſhe ſtill obey'd,
" With humble zeal, Heav'n's dread commands,
" To ev'ry action aſk'd our aid,
" And oft' before our altars pray'd:
" Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
" She 's dead——and from her ſweet remains
" The wondrous mixture I would take,
" This much-deſir'd, this perfect, flow'r to make.
" Aſſiſt, and thus, with our transforming pains,
" We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our fav'rite
plains."

Th' applauding deities with pleaſure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A buſy face the god of Gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various ſweets th' exhaling ſpirits drew;
While in full canifters Pomona bore
Of richeſt fruits a plenteous ſtore;
And Veſta promis'd wondrous things to do:
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of Smiles and Graces: the plump god of Wine
From cluſters did the flowing nectar ſtrain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.

Thus charg'd, they ſeek the honour'd ſhade
Where liv'd and dy'd the ſpotleſs maid.
On a ſoft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities preſs'd all around,
Prepar'd the ſacred rites to pay
In ſilence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray:
"Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore,
"Exert thy great creative pow'r!
"Let this fair corpſe be mortal clay no more;
"Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flow'r."
Scarce had the goddeſs ſpoke, when, ſee! [wear:
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair,
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.

Heav'ns! what new charm, what ſudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the ſight!
A ſprouting bud begins the tree t' adorn;
The large, the ſweet, vermilion flow'r is born!
The goddeſs thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To ſpread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant ſoul, and ev'ry charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princeſs gay;
Then kiſs'd it thrice; the gen'ral ſilence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents ſpoke.

" Ye Flow'rs! at my command attendant here,
" Pay homage, and your ſov'reign Roſe revere.
" No ſorrow on your dropping leaves be ſeen;
" Let all be proud of ſuch a queen,
" So fit the floral crown to wear,
" To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year."

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe the new-born fav'rite crown'd;
The transformation was complete;
The deities with ſongs the queen of Flow'rs did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to ſound,
While now to heav'n the well-pleas'd goddeſs flies
With her bright train, and reaſcends the ſkies.

THE PRAISES OF

HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS*.

Tranſlated in the year 1701, *on occaſion of the King of France's breaking the peace of Ryſwick.*

O SPARTAN Youths! what faſcinating charms
Have froze your blood? why ruſt your idle arms?

* Tyrtæus was general of the Spartans in their wars with the Meſſenians, and is ſaid by his martial ſongs to have animated the ſoldiers, and by thoſe, as well as by his conduct and courage, to have led them on to victory. He is mentioned by Sir William Temple and Lord Roſcommon as an example of the wonderful force of the ancient poetry. He lived in the 35th Olympiad, about 640 years before Chriſt, and is ſuppoſed to have been contemporary with the prophet Jeremiah.

When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds reſolv'd, to meet the threat'ning foe?
What! ſhall our vile lethargic ſloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you ſee their armies ruſh from far,
And ſit ſecure amidſt the rage of war?
Ye Gods! how great, how glorious, 't is to ſee
The warrior hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valu'd joys and ſoft ſupports of life!
Then let him draw his ſword and take the field,
And fortify his breaſt behind the ſpacious ſhield;
Nor fear to die: in vain you ſhun your fate,
Nor can you ſhorten nor prolong its date;
For life 's a meaſur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes at home inglorious dies:
No grieving crowds his obſequies attend,
But all applaud and weep the ſoldier's end,
Who, deſperately brave, in fight ſuſtains
Inflicted wounds and honourable ſtains,
And falls a ſacrifice to glory's charms:
But if a juſt ſucceſs ſhall crown his arms,
For his return the reſcu'd people wait,
To ſee the guardian genius of the ſtate;
With rapture viewing his majeſtic face,
His dauntleſs mien, and ev'ry martial grace,
They 'll bleſs the toils he for their ſafety bore,
Admire him living, and when dead adore.

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

Cunctatur ſtupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera lunæ;
Aſſurgit ceu fortè minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus; et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel flore ſub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæſtana roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo natura die, ſaturataque vernis
Roribus, induiget ſpatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere ſoles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, ſees the bride and her mother ſitting together, &c.; on which occaſion Claudian makes the following deſcription.

THE goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's now the daughter's face:
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That the full moon, and this the creſcent ſhows.
Thus rais'd beneath its parent-tree is ſeen
The laurel ſhoot, while in its early green
Thick-ſpronting leaves and branches are eſſay'd,
And all the promiſe of a future ſhade:
Or blooming thus in happy Pæſtan fields,
One common ſtock two lovely roſes yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares diſplay
Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day;
That folded, in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the ſkies.

DIALOGUE

DE L'AMOUR ET DU POETE.

LE POETE.

AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire;
Mon cœur, laſſé de ſon martire,
A réſolu de ſe calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris, dans ſes bras te rapelle.

LE P. Non, Iris eſt une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris ſoin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—LE P. Non, Daphné n'eſt que belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un ſoupir, tu peux deſarmer
Dircé, juſqu'ici ſi ſauvage.

LE P. Elle n'eſt plus dans le bel age;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais ſi je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.——
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer?

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant! daigne former
Pour nous une chaine éternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'eſt point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA MOTTE.

POET.

No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure:
My weary heart reſolves to cure
Its wounds, and eaſe the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canſt thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's falſe—I hate her perjur'd charms.
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I 'ave toil'd to gain
Daphne, the bright, the reigning toaſt.

POET. Daphne but common eyes can boaſt.
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before ſcorn'd ev'ry ſwain,
Dirce, ſhall for one ſigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly ſhine.
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But ſhould I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I ſee thee bluſh—now, Rebel! ſay
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God! prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me;
Yet ſtill know every fair but ſhe
I'ave vow'd I ne'er will love again.

AN ODE

TO THE

CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

Occaſioned by

THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
Laudibus? ———
Qui mare et terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec vigit quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. HOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praiſes of the Author of Nature, which is the fitteſt ſubject for the ſublime way of writing, was the moſt ancient uſe of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper inſtance (next to examples of Holy Writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus, a relic of great antiquity: they contain ſeveral verſes concerning God, and his making and governing the univerſe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expreſſions. Yet whether theſe verſes were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and muſic who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Piſiſtratus, and only contain ſome of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a queſtion of little uſe or importance.

A large paraphraſe of theſe, in French verſe, has been prefixed to the tranſlation of Phocylides, but in a flat ſtyle, much inferior to the deſign. The following ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the ſame model, in a language which, having ſtronger ſinews than the French, is, by the confeſſion of their beſt critic Rapin, more capable of ſuſtaining great ſubjects.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celeſtial fire!
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Deſcend; a mortal tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal lay:
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated lyre.
Hence, ye Profane! be far away;
Hence, all ye impious Slaves that bow
To idol luſts, or altars raiſe,
And to falſe heroes give fantaſtic praiſe!
And hence, ye Gods! who to a crime your ſpurious beings owe.
But hear, O heav'n and earth, and ſeas profound!
Hear, ye unfathom'd deeps below!
And let your echoing vaults repeat the ſound;
Let Nature, trembling all around,
Attend her Maſter's awful name,
From whom heav'n, earth, and ſeas, and all the wide creation, came.

II.

He ſpoke the great command, and Light,
Heav'n's eldeſt-born and faireſt child,

Flash'd in the low'ring face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
The sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hov'ring in choirs, his praises sing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising world they saw;
When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And Motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty! still the same;
'Tis he, the great inspiring Mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not heav'n itself can bound his sway;
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye,
He dwells in uncreated day:
Without beginning, without end. 'Tis he
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immen-
[sity.

IV.

What pow'r but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,

And the ſpent tempeſt dies upon the ſhore.
The meteor world is his, heav'n's wintry ſtore,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow,
The ſummer breeze, the ſoft refreſhing ſhower,
The looſe-divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow.
The crooked lightning darts around,
His ſovereign orders to fulfil;
The ſhooting flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
Launch'd from his hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blaſt th' unſhelter'd ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and ſea, and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the inſect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, ſov'reign of the ſky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majeſty
To humble ſhepherds on the plains,
His hand, unſeen, divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye ſurveys
His works in ev'ry diſtant clime;
He ſhifts the ſeaſons, months, and days,
The ſhort-liv'd offspring of revolving time;

By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And ſtrows with flow'rs the ſmiling meads;
Gay Summer, next, whom ruſſet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with laviſh ſtores the lap of Nature ſpreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble Age, oppreſs'd with pain)
A heavy ſeaſon does maintain,
With driving ſnows, and winds and rain,
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withſtand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her centre ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy voice the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confuſion round;
How dreadful is th' inimitable ſound,
The ſhock of earth and ſeas, and labour of the ſkies!
Then where 's Ambition's haughty creſt?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wiſh the op'ning ground
Would take them quick to ſhades of reſt,
And in their common parent's breaſt
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide:

In vain—for all the elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd earth, the ruſhing ſea,
Tempeſtuous air, and raging fire,
To puniſh vile mankind, and fight for thee:
Nor Death itſelf can intercept the blow;
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball;
Once gods of earth, the living deſtinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now?
Say where preſerv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can braſs the fleeting thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling Time, and ſcorn decay?
Ah! no; the mould'ring monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame maſs of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muſe! time's waſting thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravell'd clue,
When cities ſink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature ſhall her work give o'er.
Behold th' almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of Fate!

Myriads of ſpirits fill the ſky
T' attend, with dread ſolemnity,
The world's laſt ſcene, and Time's concluding date.
The feeble race of ſhort-liv'd Vanity
And ſickly Pomp at once ſhall die;
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will ſhrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curſe at Heav'n's purſuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye Impious! 'ſcape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliſs ſhall melt before your ſight,
Yet ſhall you not the giddy chaſe refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before,
But ſigh a long eternity of pain,
Toſs'd in an ocean of deſire, yet never find a ſhore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sov'reign ſits prepar'd
His better ſubjects to reward!
Where am I now! what pow'r divine
Tranſports me! what immortal ſplendours ſhine!
Torrents of glory that oppreſs the ſight!
What joys, celeſtial King! thy throne ſurround!
The ſun, who, with thy borrow'd beams ſo bright,
Sees not his peer in all the ſtarry round,

Would here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale ſiſter of the night,
When ſhe reſigns her delegated light,
Loſt in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place——
Then, Muſe! th' advent'rous flight forbear;
Theſe myſtic ſcenes thou canſt no farther trace:
Hope may ſome boundleſs future bliſs embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vaſt immeaſurable thought contain.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. MILTON.

Homer's deſcription of himſelf, under the character of Demodocus the muſician, at the feaſt of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The Muſe with tranſport lov'd him; yet to fill
His various lot ſhe blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heav'nly gift of ſong, and all the tuneful art.

BOILEAU,

DANS SA. I. EPISTRE AU ROI.

" POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
" Et ces vaiſſeaux tout preſts à quitter le rivage?"
Diſoit au Roi Pyrrhus, un ſage confident,
Conſeiller tres-ſenſé d'un Roi tres-imprudent.
" Je vais," lui dit ce prince, " à Rome où l'on m'apelle."
" Quoi faire?" " L'aſſieger." " L'entrepriſe eſt fort belle,
" Et digne ſeulement d'Alexandre ou de vous:
" Mais quand nous l'aurons priſe, et bien que ferons-nous?"
" Du reſte des Latins la conqueſte eſt facile,
" Sans doute, ils ſont à nous." " Eſt-ce tout?" " La Sicile
" Delà nous tend les bras, et bien-toſt ſans effort
" Syracuſe recoit nos vaiſſeaux dans ſon port."
" En demeurés-vous là?" " Dés que nous l'aurons priſe,
" Il ne faut qu'un bon vent et Carthage eſt conquiſe:
" Les chemins ſont ouverts, qui peut nous arreſter?"
" Je vous entens, Seigneur, nous allons tout dompter,
" Nous allons traverſer les ſables de Lybie;
" Aſſervir en paſſant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
" Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

"WHAT mean theſe elephants, arms, warlike ſtore,
"And all theſe ſhips, prepar'd to leave the ſhore?"
Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wiſe,
Addreſs'd King Pyrrhus.—Thus the King replies.
"'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go."
"For what?"—"To conquer."—"Rome's a noble foe,
"A prize for Alexander fit, or you:
"But, Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?"
"The reſt of Italy my chains ſhall wear."
"And is that all?"—"No; Sicily lies near;
"See how ſhe ſtretches out her beauteous arms,
"And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
"In Syracuſe's port this fleet ſhall ride."
"'Tis well—and there you will at laſt abide?"—
"No; that ſubdu'd, again we 'll hoiſt our ſails
"And put to ſea; and, blow but proſp'rous gales,
"Carthage muſt ſoon be ours, an eaſy prey;
"The paſſage open, what obſtructs our way?"—
"Then, Sir, your vaſt deſign I underſtand,
"To conquer all the earth, croſs ſeas and land,
"O'er Afric's ſpacious wilds your reign extend,
"Beneath your ſword make proud Arabia bend;
"Then ſeek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
"His ſwelling ſtream; beyond Hydaſpes' ſhores,

" Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs;
" Et ranger ſous nos loix tout ce vaſte hemiſphere:
" Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?"
" Alors, cher Cineas! victorieux, contens,
" Nous pourrons rire à l' aiſe, et prendre du bon temps."
" Hé, Seigneur, dés ce jour, ſans ſortir de l'epire,
" Du matin juſqu'au ſoir qui vous défend de rire?"

"Thro' Indian realms, to carry dire alarms,
"And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms:
"But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
"When we return, say, what shall then be done?"
"Then pleas'd, my friend! we 'll spend the joyful day
"In full delight, and laugh our cares away."
"And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
"For this so far, or quit our native home?
"No—let us now each valu'd hour employ,
"Nor for the future lose the present joy."

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF

AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my ſweet companion Lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I 'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all ſoft delights inſpire,
And not one cloud deforms the ſmiling ſky.

II.

While whiſp'ring gales, that court the leaves and flow'rs,
Play thro' thy ſtrings, and gently make them ſound,
Luxurious I 'll diſſolve the flowing hours
In balmy ſlumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But ſee—what ſudden gloom obſcures the air!
What falling ſhow'rs impetuous change the day!
Let 's riſe, my Lyre!—Ah! Pleaſure falſe as fair,
How faithleſs are thy charms, how ſhort thy ſtay!

THE XIV. OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS *.

I.

YE heav'nly Graces! who preſide
O'er Minyæa's happy ſoil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the faireſt ſteeds,

* In the city of Orchomenus there was a temple dedicated to the Graces.

And rule the land where, with a gentle tide,
Your lov'd Cephesian waters glide;
To you Orchomenus's tow'rs belong,
Then hear, ye Goddesses! and aid the song.

II.

Whatever honours shine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or sooth the ravish'd soul or charm the sight,
To you their pow'r of pleasing owe:
Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow;
Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
Nor on the chorus look propitious down,
If you your presence have deny'd
To rule the banquet, and the chorus guide.

III.

In heav'n itself all own your happy care;
Bless'd by your influence divine
There all is good and all is fair:
On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine:
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inspire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
To Jove, of heav'n the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia! venerable maid;
Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
Euphrosyne! join your celestial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!

Thalia, too, be preſent with my lays;
Aſopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic ſtrife, may claim
From you his juſt reward of virtuous praiſe.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph ſpread;
Fly to the regions of the dead;
Thro' Proſerpine's dark empire bear the ſound,
There ſeek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal ſpirit know
How on the plains of Piſa, far renown'd,
His ſon, his youthful ſon, of matchleſs ſpeed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

While from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And dotes on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband 's falſe."—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What tho' ſhe aſk?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let 's think—ſhe 's ugly—Trumpets ſound to arms.

TRANSLATED FROM

PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the cuſtom of women being buried with their huſbands, and men with their wives.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The gen'rous ſouls of lovers bind;
When Hymen joins our hands we ſwear
To be for ever true and kind:
And when, by death, the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corpſe we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe! that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhould die,
Claſp'd in each others arms we 'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEÄNASSA

OF COLOPHOS.

Arqueänassa's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire:
Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But before old Time purſu'd her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O blessed time of reformation
That 's now beginning thro' the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And ſwear all Whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on 't.
See how they draw the heaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all Cries about the Town
Join notes to roar Fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.

Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
"Church-privilege"—for "Mending kettle."
Each sow-gelder, that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have Dissenters sworn."
The oyster-wenches lock their fish up,
And cry, "No Presbyterian bishop!"
The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
And 'gainst "low churchmen" loudly cry,
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," instead
Of "Pudding-pies and gingerbread:"
And some, for "Brooms, old boots, and shoes,"
Roar out "God bless our Commons House!"
Some bawl "the votes" about the Town,
And wish they 'd "vote Dissenters down."
Instead of "Kitchen-stuff," some cry,
"Confound the late Whig ministry!"
And some for "Any chairs to mend,"
The Commons' late Address commend.
Some for "Old gowns for China ware,"
Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"
And some for "Old suits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "Coney-skins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions."

Blue-apron whores, that fit with furmety,
Rail at "occasional conformity."
Instead of "Cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud "No conventicle!"
Masons, instead of "building houses,"
To "build the church" would starve their spouses,
And gladly leave their trades, for storming
The meeting-houses, or informing.
Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, panders, atheists, fornicators,
Rogues that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
A church's inside 's stone or leather,
Yet join the parsons and the people,
To cry "The church,"—but mean "the steeple."
If, holy Mother, such you 'll own
For your true sons, and such alone,
Then Heav'n have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

THE TENTH BOOK OF LUCAN'S PHARSALIA TRANSLATED.

The Argument,

And connection of the story with the foregoing books.

POMPEY, flying to Egypt after his defeat at Pharsalia, was, by the King's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar, as he approached the Egyptian coast in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books, the Argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæsar lands in Egypt: he goes to Alexandria, visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection; by his means she is reconciled to her brother: after which the entertains Cæsar at a feast. The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achillas to invite him to join in this attempt. Achillas marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the King to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoe, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganymede her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achillas to be slain. Ganymede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barb'rous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate:

Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthral?
Or ſhall the victor, like the vanquiſh'd, fall
By Egypt's ſword? Pompey, thy ghoſt withſtood
Th' impending blow, and ſav'd the general's blood,
Leſt Rome, too happy after loſs of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herſelf from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barb'rous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The crowd that ſaw his entry, while before
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd ſounds their jealous rage diſclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Obſerving Cæſar ſoon his error ſpy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd;
Yet ſmooth'd his brow, all marks of fear ſuppreſt,
And hid his cares deep bury'd in his breaſt.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to ſurvey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon!
He view'd the ſplendid fanes with careleſs eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and ſacred myſteries,
Nor fix'd his ſight, but, eager in his pace,
Deſcends the vault which holds the royal race.
Philip's mad ſon, the proſp'rous robber, bound
In Fate's eternal chains, here ſleeps profound,
Whom death forbade his rapines to purſue,
And in the world's revenge the monſter ſlew.
His impious bones, which, thro' each climate toſt,
The ſport of winds, or in the ocean loſt,

Had met a juſter fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And ſacred to that kingdom's end remain'd.
O! ſhould auſpicious years roll round again,
And godlike Liberty reſume her reign,
Preſerv'd to ſcorn, the relics would be ſhown
Of the bold chief whoſe boundleſs pride alone
This curs'd example to Ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enſlave!
Diſdaining what his father won before,
Aſpiring ſtill, and reſtleſs after more,
He left his home, while Fortune ſmooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful Eaſt enlarg'd his ſway.
Red Slaughter mark'd his progreſs as he paſt;
The guilty ſword laid human nature waſte,
Diſcolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
He ſeem'd in terror to the nations ſent,
The wrath of Heav'n, a ſtar of dire portent,
And ſhook, like thunder, all the continent!
Nor yet content, a navy he provides;
To ſeas remote his triumphs now he guides;
Nor winds nor waves his progreſs could withſtand,
Nor Libya's ſcorching heat and deſert land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected ſand.
Had Heav'n but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The fartheſt journey of the ſetting ſun,
March'd round the poles, and drank diſcover'd Nile
At his ſpring-head—but winged Fate the while

Comes on with ſpeed, the fun'ral hour draws near;
Death only could arreſt his mad career;
Who to his grave the world's ſole empire bore
With the ſame envy't was acquir'd before;
And, wanting a ſucceſſor to his reign,
Left all to ſuffer conqueſt once again.
Yet Babylon firſt yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh, ſhame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman ſpear?
What tho' the North, and South, and Weſt, are ours?
Th' unconquer'd Eaſt defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Craſſi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Peluſium, where, expanding wide,
Nile pours into the ſea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king: his preſence ſoon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace Cæſar ſleeps ſecure;
This princely hoſtage does a while enſure
His terms of peace; when, lo! the ſiſter-queen,
In a ſmall boat conceal'd, ſecurely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiſcover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The royal whore, her country's worſt diſgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's ſoft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,

No leſs did Cleopatra's eyes inſpire
Italian flames, and ſpread the kindled fire.
A rabble rout, a vile enervate band,
Preſum'd th' imperial Eagles to withſtand:
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread;
Ev'n mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And ſhook her lofty tow'rs, and trembled from afar.
What triumphs had proud Alexandria ſeen
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hov'ring Victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 't was a ſtrife that day
If the loſt world a diſtaff ſhould obey.
From that curs'd night this daring hope aroſe,
That ſhameful night! the ſource of future woes,
Which firſt commenc'd polluted loves between
A Roman gen'ral and Egyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild paſſion blame?
Ev'n Cæſar's flinty heart confeſs'd the ſoft'ning flame!
The foul adulterer, reeking with the ſtains
Of impious ſlaughter on Theſſalian plains,
Unwaſh'd from blood, amidſt the rage of war,
In joys obſcene forgets his cruel care.
Tho' Pompey's ghoſt yet haunt thoſe barb'rous walls,
And howling in his ears for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawleſs love with lawleſs arms;

Nor mindful of his chaſter progeny,
A baſtard brother, Julia, gives to thee.
His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæſar, ſhamefully ſupine,
Foregoes his gains, and for a kiſs or ſmile
Sells the dear purchaſe of his martial toil.
Him Cleopatra fought t' eſpouſe her care;
Preſuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild diſorder looſe'd her lovely hair,
And with a face inviting ſure relief,
In tender accents thus diſclos'd her grief:
"Great Cæſar! look! of Lagus' royal race,
"So thou reſtore me to my rightful place,
"I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
"My hope of ſuccour is in you alone.
"You riſe a proſp'rous ſtar to Egypt's aid:
"Oh! ſhine propitious on an injur'd maid!
"My ſex has oft' the Pharian ſceptre ſway'd,
"For ſo the laws admit. Let Cæſar read
"Our parent's will: my brother's crown and bed
"Are mine to ſhare; and were the youth but free
"From ſaucy tutors he would marry me;
"But by Pothinus' nod his paſſions move;
"Pothinus wields his ſword, and manages his love.
"Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
"But ſave from ſuch reproach our houſe and name.
"Reſcue the royal boy from mean command,
"Reſtore the ſceptre to his trembling hand;

"This vile domeſtic's lawleſs pride reſtrain;
"Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to reign.
"Th' imperious ſlave who kill'd great Cæſar's foe,
"Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæſar too;
"But far, far hence, ye Gods! avert the threaten'd blow.
"Let Pompey's head ſuffice Pothinus' fame,
"Nor let a nobler death increaſe our ſhame."
Here paus'd the Queen, and ſpoke in looks the reſt;
Not words alone could move his ſavage breaſt;
Her eyes enforce her pray'rs; ſoft Beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt ſucceeds.
Then ſoon for peace th' affrighted brother ſought,
And with rich gifts his reconcilement bought.
Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A ſolemn feaſt, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius firſt was ſhown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple ſeem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would ſuch a ſtructure raiſe.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With pond'rous gold; all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to ſight, and all th' apartment grac'd,
But ſolid pillars of thick agate ſtood,
And ebony ſupply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoiſe ſeen
Inlaid, and ſtudded emerald between.

The beds, too, ſhone, profuſe of gems, on high,
Their cov'rings Tyrian ſilk of double dye,
Embroider'd part with gold, with ſcarlet part,
A curious mixture of Egyptian art.
And now the crowd of menial ſlaves appears,
Of various ſkin and ſize, and various years.
Some ſwarthy Africans, with frizled hair;
Black Ethiops theſe; and thoſe, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which Cæſar owns outſhine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine:
Beſide th' unhappy youth by ſteel unmann'd,
And ſóften'd from their ſex, a beardleſs band,
An abler train was rang'd in adverſe rows,
Yet ſcarce their cheeks did the firſt down diſcloſe.
The princes took their ſeats; amid the reſt
Sat lordly Cæſar, their ſuperior gueſt.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother ſpouſe, and ſhare his throne,
Had ſtain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conqueſt to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and ſparkled in her hair.
O'ercharg'd with ſpoils which the Red Sea ſupply'd,
Scarce can ſhe move beneath the pond'rous pride.
Sidonian ſilk her ſnowy breaſts array'd,
Which thro' the net-work veil a thouſand charms diſplay'd.
Here might be ſeen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron, from Atlantic foreſts brought;

Their trefſels ivory: not ſo rich a fort
Was Cæſar's prize in vanquiſh'd Juba's court.
Blind oſtentatious madneſs! to diſplay
Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war 's a play,
And tempt an armed gueſt to ſeize the prey.
Grant riches not the purpoſe of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for ſpoil,
Think him a hero of that chaſter time,
When poverty was praiſe, and gold a crime;
Suppoſe Fabricius preſent at the ſhow,
Or the rough conſul choſen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius, each would wiſh to come
With ſuch a triumph back to wond'ring Rome.
What earth and air, the ſea and Nile, afford,
In golden veſſels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious luxury could find join'd,
Thro' the ſearch'd globe, and more than want en-
Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
In cryſtal ewers Nilus ſupplies around
His pureſt ſtreams; vaſt glitt'ring bowls abound
With wine from Meroe's iſle, whoſe noble age,
Fermenting, ſparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twiſted wreaths, which fragrant flow'rs com-
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming roſe, [poſe,
They crown their brows, and ſtrow their oily hair
With ſpice from neighb'ring fields, not yet expir'd in
Here Cæſar learns the fruitful world to drain, [air.
While conſcious thoughts his ſecret ſoul arraign;

Bluſhing, he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor ſon, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy ſtate.
At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When ſated luxury requir'd no more,
Cæſar protracts the ſilent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus, cloath'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—"Say, holy Seer!
"Whoſe hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
"Devoted to their rites, wilt thou relate
"The riſe and progreſs of the Pharian ſtate?
"Deſcribe the land's extent, what humours ſway
"The people's minds, and to what pow'rs you pray,
"What cuſtoms keep, and what devotion pay?
"Whate'er your ancient monuments contain
"Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
"If Plato once obtain'd a like requeſt,
"To whom your ſires their myſtic rites confeſt,
"This let me boaſt; perhaps you have not here
"A meaner gueſt, or leſs judicious ear.
"Fame of my rival led me firſt, 't is true,
"To Egypt's coaſt, yet join'd with fame of you.
"I ſtill had vacant hours amidſt my wars,
"To read the heav'ns, and to review the ſtars:
"Henceforth all calendars muſt yield to mine,
"And ev'n Eudoxus ſhall the palm reſign.
"But, more than all, the love of truth, which fires
"My glowing breaſt, an ardent wiſh inſpires

" To learn, what num'rous ages ne'er could know,
" Your river's ſource, and cauſes of its flow.
" Indulge my hope Nile's ſecret birth to view
" No more in arms I'll civil ſtrife purſue."
He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply:
" Ye rev'rend Shades of our great anceſtry!
" While I to Cæſar Nature's works explain,
" And open ſtores yet hid from eyes profane,
" Be it no crime your ſecrets to reveal;
" Let others hold it pious to conceal
" Such mighty truths; I think the gods deſign'd
" Works ſuch as theſe to paſs all human kind,
" And teach the wond'ring world their laws and heav'nly mind.
" At Nature's birth a various pow'r was given
" To various ſtars that croſs the poles of heav'n,
" And ſlack the rolling ſphere. With ſov'reign rays
" The ſun divides the months, the nights, the days;
" Fix'd in his orb the wand'ring courſe reſtrains
" Of other ſtars, and the great dance ordains.
" The changeful moon intends th' alternate tides;
" Saturn o'er ice and ſnowy zones preſides;
" Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder guides;
" Jove's is a ſky ſerene and temp'rate air;
" The ſeeds of life are Venus' kindly care;
" O'er ſpreading ſtreams, Cyllenius, is thy reign,
" And when that part of heav'n thou doſt attain

" When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
" And Sirius all his fiery rage displays,
" Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
" Obscure from sight old Nilus veils his head;
" When thou from thence, in thy celestial course,
" Ruler of floods! dost strike the river's source,
" The conscious streams break out, and, flowing soon,
" Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
" Nor check their tide till night has from the sun
" Regain'd those hours th' advancing summer won.
" Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
" From Ethiopian hills produc'd this flow;
" For let the natives' sun-burnt skins declare
" That no bleak north breathes wintry tempests there;
" But vapours from the south possess the parching air.
" Besides, such torrents as by snows increase
" Begin to swell when spring does first release
" Those wintry stores; Nilene'er provokes his streams
" Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams;
" Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs,
" In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
" Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
" Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines
" The moderate sun, commanded to repair
" In summer's heat to cool th' intemperate air.
" When scorch'd Sienè feels her Cancer's fire,
" Then let the world, consum'd in flame, expire,

" Nile to its aid his wat'ry forces draws,
" And ſwells againſt the Lion's burning jaws,
" Moiſt'ning the plains, till Phœbus late deſcends
" To Autumn's cooler couch and Meroe's ſhade extends.
" Who can the cauſe of ſuch great changes read?
" Ev'n ſo our parent Nature had decreed
" Nile's conſtant courſe, and ſo the world has need.
" As vainly, too, Antiquity apply'd
" Th' Etefian winds to raiſe this wondrous tide,
" Which blow at ſtated ſeaſons of the year
" For ſev'ral days, and long poſſeſs the air;
" Or thought vaſt clouds, which driv'n before them fly
" Beyond the South, diſcharg'd the burden'd ſky
" On Nilus' head, and thence his current ſwell'd;
" Or that thoſe winds the river's courſe repell'd,
" Which ſtopp'd, and preſs'd by th' ent'ring ſea, diſ-
" His banks, and iſſuing boils along the plains. [dains
" Some think vaſt pores, and gaps in earth, abound,
" Where ſtreams in ſilent veins creep under ground,
" Led from the chilling North the Line to meet,
" When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
" While the parch'd earth a wat'ry ſuccour craves,
" Then Po and Ganges roll their ſmother'd waves
" Deep thro' the vaults beneath, and Nile ſupply'd,
" Diſcharges at one vent their mingled tide, [ride.
" Nor can the gather'd flood in one ſtraight channel
" Some think the ſea, which round all lands extends
" His liquid arms, theſe guſhing waters ſends;

"That length of course the saltness wears away;
"Or thus; since Phœbus and the stars, we say,
"Drink ocean's streams, when near hot Cancer's claws,
"The thirsty sun a larger portion draws,
"That more than air digests, attracted so,
"Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.
"Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
"I think, since Nature grew mature in age,
"Some waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their birth
"From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth;
"And some coeval with the world began,
"And, starting, thro' appointed channels ran.
"When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
"Ordain'd its laws, and its first motion steer'd.
"The kings of Greece, of Egypt, and the East,
"Ardent like you, were with this wish possest,
"And, ev'ry age has labour'd to attain
"The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain;
"For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain.
"Philip's great son, whose consecrated name
"Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
"Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
"To range th' extreme of Ethiopia's land:
"They pass the scorching soil, and only view
"Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
"The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
"While harness'd kings his lofty chariot draw,
"Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
"At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst.

" Cambyſes, mad with luſt of pow'r t' o'er-run
" The long-liv'd nations of the riſing ſun,
" To promis'd ſpoils a num'rous army led;
" His famiſh'd ſoldiers on each other fed;
" Exhauſted he return'd, nor ſaw great Nile's head.
" Nor boaſting fame pretends to make it known;
" Where'er thou flow'ſt, thy ſpring's poſſeſs'd by none;
" And not one land can call thee, Nile *, her own:
" Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
" Has gir'n to know, to Cæſar I'll reveal.
" Firſt from the ſouthern pole thy ſtream we trace,
" Which rolling forward with a ſpeedy pace,
" Under hot Cancer is directly driv'n
" Againſt Bootes' Wain, far in the north of heav'n:
" Yet winding in thy courſe from eaſt to weſt,
" Arabia now, now Libya's ſands, are bleſt
" With thy cool flood; which firſt the Seres ſpy,
" Yet ſeek thee too: thy current, rolling by
" Thro' Ethiopia next, a ſtranger, flows;
" Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
" Thy ſacred birth, which Nature hid from all,
" Leſt any nation ſhould behold thee ſmall;

* If the reader is curious to know the ſource of the Nile, he may conſult Peter Pais's account of it in the deſcription of Africa by Dr. Olphert Dappert, and Father Telles the Jeſuit, in his Hiſtory of Ethiopia; or Monſieur le Bruyne's Voyage to the Levant, printed for Jacob Tonſon, 1702, p. 161, where the accounts of both theſe authors are quoted at large, and compared.

" And, cov'ring deep thy infant head, requir'd
" That none ſhould find what is by all admir'd.
" Thou, by a law to other ſtreams unknown,
" In ſummer's ſolſtice o'er thy banks art thrown,
" And bring'ſt in thy full tide a winter of thy own.
" To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
" Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole:
" Theſe nations ſeek thy fountain, thoſe would trace
" Thy gulf. With ſpacious arms thou doſt embrace
" Hot Meroe, fruitful to a ſooty race,
" And proud of ebon woods; yet no retreat
" Their uſeleſs ſhades afford to ſhun th' exceſſive heat.
" Then thro' the regions of the ſcorching ſun,
" Not leſſen'd by his thirſt, thy waters run,
" O'er barren ſands they take a tedious courſe,
" Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
" Now wand'ring in their way, and ſprinkled round,
" O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
" Thy channel here its ſcatter'd troops regains
" Between th' Egyptian and Arabian plains,
" Where Philas bounds the realm; with eaſy pace
" Thy ſlipp'ry waves thro' deſerts cut their race,
" Where Nature by a track of land divides
" Our ſea, diſtinguiſh'd from the Red Sea's tides.
" Who that beholds thee here ſo gently flow
" Would think thou ever couldſt tempeſtuous grow?
" But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n,
" In ſteepy cataracts thou 'rt headlong driv'n,

"Thy rushing waves, refused, fiercer fly;
"And batter'd froth rebounding fills the sky;
"The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
"Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
"And near their conquering heads, with hoary honours crown'd.
"Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
"And rocks, which in our great forefathers' age
"Were call'd the river's veins, because they show
"His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
"Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide
"His streams, to Libya's thirsty land deny'd,
"Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glides:
"At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
"Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains."
While thus secure, as if no danger nigh,
Till Night's black steeds had travell'd half the sky,
They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
From brooding mischief can no leisure find.
Season'd in sacred blood, what crime can scare
The wretch that late could such a murder dare?
Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, t' inspire
New monsters there, and Furies add their fire.
He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains
Which Heav'n for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
And that blind Fortune to a slave that day
The Senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
The debt for Civil war, which Cæsar once shall pay.

But, oh! ye righteous Pow'rs! exert your care;
The guilty life in Brutus' abſence ſpare;
Nor let vile Egypt Rome's great juſtice boaſt,
And this example to the world be loſt.
Vain is th' attempt; yet, ſcorning ſecret ſnares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the deſp'rate villain dares
With open war th' unconquered chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the ſtroke;
Deſigns to bid the ſlaughter'd father go
And ſeek his ſon in dreary ſhades below:
Yet firſt he ſends a truſty ſlave, to bear
This haſty meſſage to Achillas' ear,
His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And, thoughtleſs of his own defence, reſign'd
A pow'r againſt himſelf and all mankind.
"Go, Sluggard! to thy bed of down, and ſteep
"Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious ſleep.
"While Cleopatra does the court invade,
"And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
"But given away, doſt thou alone forbear
"To grace the nuptials of thy miſtreſs here?
"Th' inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
"Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
"And ſharing both by turns; Egypt 's her hire,
"Already paid, and Rome ſhe may require.
"Could Cleopatra's ſorceries decoy
"Ev'n Cæſar's age, and ſhall we truſt a boy?

"Whom if one night ſhe fold within her arms,
"Drunk with lewd joys and faſcinating charms,
"Whateyer pious name the crime allay,
"Between each kiſs he 'll give our heads away,
"And we by racks or flames muſt for her beauty pay.
"In this diſtreſs Fate no relief allows;
"Cæſar 's her lover, and the king her ſpouſe;
"And ſhe herſelf, no doubt, the doom has paſt
"On us, and all who would have left her chaſte.
"But by the deed which we together ſhar'd,
"In vain, if not by new attempts, repair'd,
"By that ſtrict league a hero's blood has bound,
"Bring ſpeedy war, and all their joys confound.
"Ruſh boldly on; with ſlaughter let us ſtain
"Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be ſlain
"Ev'n in her bed, and which ſoe'er ſupplies,
"In preſent turn, the huſband's place, he dies.
"Nor Cæſar's name our purpoſe ſhall appal;
"Fortune 's the common miſtreſs of us all,
"And ſhe, that lifts him now above mankind,
"Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
"We ſhare his brighteſt glory, and are great
"By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
"Look on the ſhore, and read good omens there,
"And aſk the bloody waves what we may dare.
"Behold what tomb the wretched trunk ſupplies,
"Half hid in ſand, half naked to the ſkies!
"Yet this was Cæſar's equal whom we ſlew,
"And doubt we then new glory to purſue?

" Grant that our birth 's obscure, yet shall we need
" Kings or rich states confed'rate to the deed?
" No; Fate 's our own, and, Fortune in our way,
" Without our toil presents a nobler prey;
" Appease we now the Romans while we may:
" This second victim shall their rage remove
" For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
" Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
" Stripp'd of his army, what 's this soldier more
" Than thou or I?—To-night then let us end
" His Civil wars: to-night the Fates shall send
" A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
" And pay that head which to the world they owe.
" At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiers fly,
" And Egypt's youth with Rome's their force apply;
" Those for their king, and these for liberty.
" No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
" Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
" Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
" The cause which Brutus' pray'rs and Cato's will defend."
To mischief swift, Achillas soon obey'd
This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar;
In silent haste he led a barb'rous train of war.
Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands,
That they, who should have scorn'd the king's commands,

Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain
That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain;
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire;
That side 's the just which gives the largest hire.
If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
Strike for yourselves, ye Slaves! nor fell the deed.
Oh! wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies
New Civil wars, new fury, will arise;
Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
Amidst thy troops their country's madness reigns.
What more could the bold house of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a just protection there?
No Roman hand 's exempt, but each must spill
His share of blood, and Heav'n's decrees fulfil.
Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
And with such num'rous wounds the Latian state to rend.
Not for the son or father now they fight,
A base-born slave can Civil arms excite:
Achillas mingles in the Roman strife,
And had not Fate protected Cæsar's life
These had prevail'd: each villain ready stood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
To treach'rous snares a careless easy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his sever'd head;

But leſt, amid the darkneſs of the night,
Their ſwords, unconſcious, in the huddled fight
Might ſlay the king, the ſlaves a while took breath,
And ſlipp'd th' important hour of Cæſar's death.
They thought to make him ſoon the loſs repay,
And fall a ſacrifice in open day.
One night is giv'n him; by Pothinus' grace
He ſees the ſun once more renew his race.
Now the fair morning-ſtar began to ſhow
The ſign of day from Caſſia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made ſultry Egypt glow,
When from afar the marching troops appear,
Not in looſe ſquadrons ſcatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in juſt array.
While Cæſar thinks not the town-walls ſecure,
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious ſiege, and in a corner hide
Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haſte he arms his friends; his anxious breaſt,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt depreſt,
Much fears th' aſſault, yet more that fear diſdains:
So when ſome gen'rous ſavage, bound with chains,
Is ſhut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth againſt the maſſy cage:
And thus if, by new weight of hills impos'd,
Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' impriſon'd god of Fire would rave,
And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.

Behold the man who lately ſcorn'd to dread
The Senate's army to juſt battle led,
The flow'r of Roman lords, and Pompey at their head,
Who, in a cauſe forbidding hope, could truſt
That Providence for him ſhould prove unjuſt.
Behold him now oppreſs'd, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a houſe, and of a ſlave afraid!
He whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuſe,
Nor ſavage Moors, who barbarouſly uſe
In ſport, to try inhoſpitable arts
On ſtrangers bound, their living mark for darts;
Tho' Rome's extended world, tho' India, join'd
With Tyrian Gades, ſeems a realm confin'd,
A ſpace too ſcanty to his vaſter mind.
Now like a boy or tender maid he flies,
When ſudden arms th' invaded works ſurpriſe;
He traverſes the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors:
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive king his fate to ſhare,
Or expiate that death the ſlaves for him prepare.
If darts or miſſive flames ſhall fail, he 'll throw
Their ſov'reign's head againſt th' advancing foe.
So when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd juſt vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready ſteel the cruel ſorc'reſs ſtood
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head to ſtop, with dire affright,
A parent's ſpeed, and to aſſure her flight.

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might ceaſe,
Suſpends his fury, and eſſays a peace.
A herald from the King is ſent, t' aſſwage
His rebel ſervants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their abſent tyrant's name t' inquire
The ſecret author of this kindled fire.
But, ſcornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The ſacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his ſpeech the royal envoy ſlew.
Inhuman deed! that ſwells the guilty ſcore
Of Egypt's monſters, well increas'd before:
Not Theſſaly, not Juba's ſavage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barb'rous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd; the palace cloſely pent;
Huge jav'lins to the ſhaken walls are ſent;
A ſtorm of flying ſpears; yet from below
No batt'ring rams reſiſtleſs drive their blow;
No engine 's brought; no fires: the giddy crowd
In parties roam, and, with brute clamours loud,
In ſeveral bands their waſted ſtrength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæſar's ſide.

Then where the palace midſt ſurrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their puny braves,
The ſhips, too, their united force apply,
And ſwiftly hurl the naval war on high:

Yet preſent ev'ry where with ſword or fire,
Cæſar th'approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
To all by turns he brings ſucceſsful aids,
Inverts the war, and tho' beſieg'd invades.
Fireballs, and torches dreſs'd with unctuous ſpoil
Of tar combuſtible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd againſt the fleet; nor ſlow
The catching flames inveſt the ſmould'ring tow:
The pitchy planks their crackling prey become,
The painted ſterns and rowers' ſeats conſume:
There hulks half-burnt ſink in the main, and here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.
Nor thus ſuffic'd; the flames from thence aſpire,
And ſeize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs, by winds increas'd, they fly;
So ſhooting meteors blaze along the ſky,
And lead their wand'ring courſe with ſudden glare,
By ſulph'rous atoms fed in fields of thinneſt air.
Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view;
To ſave the city from the ſiege they flew;
When Cæſar, wont the lucky hour to chuſe
Of ſudden chance in war, and wiſely uſe,
Loſt not in ſlothful reſt the fav'ring night,
But ſhipp'd his men, and ſudden took his flight.
Pharos he ſeiz'd, an iſland heretofore,
When Prophet Proteus Egypt's ſceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the ſhore.

Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which Justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt unmatch'd like his requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by rav'nous beasts, the howling wretch
expires.
The sword, dishonour'd, did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
Arsinoe now, by well-concerted snares
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs;
The trusty Ganymede assists her flight;
Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sov'reign's right.
Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
And frees the tyrant from his household lord:
By her just hand Achillas meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and mischief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy shade;
But think not yet the full atonement made;
Tho' Egypt's king, tho' all the royal line,
Should fall, thy murm'ring ghost would still repine;
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæsar's purple life the Senate's swords shall stain.
Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside,
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide;

To the ſame charge bold Ganymede ſucceeds,
Proſp'rous a while in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
That Cæſar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame.
Now while to quit the ſtraiten'd mole he ſtrove,
And to the vacant ſhips the fight remove,
War's utmoſt terrors preſs on ev'ry ſide;
Before the ſtrand beſieging navies ride;
Behind the troops advance. No way is ſeen
T' eſcape, or ſcarce a glorious death to win.
No room with ſlaughter'd foes to ſtrew the plain,
And bravely fall amidſt a pile of ſlain.
A captive to the place he now appears,
Doubtful if death ſhould move his hope or fears.
In this diſtreſs a ſudden thought inſpir'd
His hardy breaſt, by great examples fir'd:
Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
Where, whilſt his men a doubtful fight maintain,
And Pompey ſtrove the batter'd works to gain,
Amidſt a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

*** *Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfiniſhed by the author.*

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THE END.

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